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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIX No. 1952 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 19 1937

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, June 19, 1937

The King and Queen with the Garter Knights

Their Majesties, Resplendent in the Robes of the Order, on the Way to Last Monday's Service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor

After an interval of twenty-three years a Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, (the highest rank of chivalry in the land, instituted in 1348 by Edward III,) went in State last Monday to occupy his historic stall at a Garter Service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, whither he was preceded by the Knights Companions and Officers of the Order, their deep-blue velvet mantles sweeping behind them majestically. It was an occasion of rich and knightly pageantry, made particularly momentous by the fact that it marked the revival of a series of services started by King George V in his Coronation year and held annually until interrupted by the Great War, and the event was made additionally interesting by the presence of the Queen and Queen Mary, the two Ladies of the Order. First among the notabilities in the procession to the Chapel were the newly appointed knights, Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, the Earl of Strathmore, the Queen's father, and the Duke of Norfolk, while following them were such well-known figures as Viscount Halifax, the Earl of Athlone, the Earl of Harewood, and the Duke of Devonshire. After the brief service, the procession once again formed up, making its stately way back to the Castle where Their Majesties entertained the Knights and their Ladies to lunch in the Waterloo Chamber (See pictures on pages 602 and 603 of this issue)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE KING AND QUEEN MAKE THEIR STATE ENTRY INTO THE ROYAL BOROUGH: Their Majesties driving through Eton High Street last Saturday on approaching Windsor to which they were paying their first visit since the Coronation. There were scenes of remarkable enthusiasm as they made their way under an arch of oars and up the winding road to the Castle where they went into residence for Ascot week. Earlier in the day they had driven down from London to Eton by car and had been received by the Provost, Fellows, Scholars, and Oppidans of the college with addresses of goodwill. Accompanying them were the Princesses

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

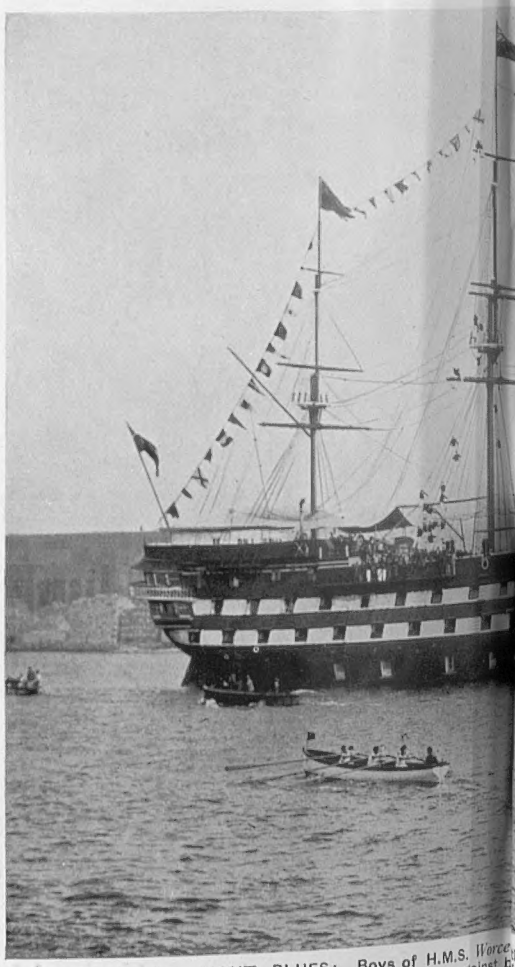
32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, June 16, 1937

"DEMOCRACY" AND TITLES.—Mr. MacDonald gave an *apologia pro sua vita* to the Paris *Intransigeant* last Wednesday. He told how, when he embraced the national cause, he kept flying the flag of his socialist ideals. He did what we all seek to do, he defended his consistency during a long political career. Why we should all feel this urge to assert our consistency, when in the same breath we declare that men who will not change their opinions in the light of experience and changing conditions are but living corpses, is another question, a question too abstruse for the dog-days. Mr. MacDonald defended his consistency in Paris and ended up by referring to his refusal of a peerage. "How," said he, "could I hear the people in my homeland who have called me 'James' since I was a lad, call me 'Lord'?" (I confess that in my ignorance of social etiquette I continue to call my old friends, who become Lords, by their Christian names—but that is neither here nor there). What Mr. MacDonald meant, was this: the traditional reward for a Premier was all very well for Mr. Baldwin but an embarrassment for him. Mr. MacDonald was not a great Premier like Mr. Baldwin, but he was as much entitled to receive a Premier's reward as was Addington and others I could name—in fact, more so. Yet here is preserved into our "Democracy" ("down with class barriers and class distinctions") a traditional honour which is nothing but an acute embarrassment to the chief Opposition party—the only serious rival party in the State. Titles are forced upon that party which must sometimes find "victims" to enable the machinery to run, to keep a shadow of reality on the name of National Government. The House of Lords is recruited anew and ever, because no one dares try to reform it and no substitute is even tabled. When the peerage exceeded 700, the fool's cap was set on the system; it being realised that it takes 700 peers to produce a working "House" of 50 to 100 members, to form a "quorum." The 700-figure to-day is greatly exceeded. While Court and Government claim that the Monarchy positively does *not* need a titled aristocracy to act as a buffer state between throne and commonalty, our most democratic King has been advised to create over twenty new peerages already in the first 24 weeks of his reign. I doubt if five peerages died out in the same period. As for baronetcies, for the continued creation of which no shadow of logic now exists, they continue to multiply. We are more title-mad than ever before. If this is not an illogical phenomenon in a Democracy, show me one.

BROTHERLY GREETING: The Duke of Gloucester enjoyed a joke with the King when he received him at the top of the Castle Hill in his capacity as High Steward of Windsor. The mayor of the borough, Lieut.-Colonel Archer E. Churcher, who also received His Majesty, was knighted later in the day

ASCOT IN DEMOCRATIC TIMES.—Such days Ascot, Windsor, and Sunningdale have not known since, more than a century ago, George IV entertained for the meeting a curiously mixed house-party, when Lord Sefton carried his pampered guests (including Mr. Creevey with note-book) from Stoke Farm, and George Payne drove down from London his famous team pulling a coach thronged with the famous "legs." Of those great days there was a revival in the Edwardian age, when every villa in the neighbourhood was filled to capacity or let at famine prices, when Ascot and Windsor earned the name of being the most expensive, and exclusive, and smug residential area in England. Smart, and chic, and expensive, and over-elaborate were the dresses of the lovely ladies who drove (or trained down) to the course in Edwardian days, but they returned in less happy case. The dust of that age! Good lord, how the dust of the roads (water them as you might) matted the hair and spoiled the lace parasols and flounces, and hid the fashionables from the vulgar gaze. And now once more, with returning prosperity, the great days of Ascot are back again. There was quite a run on local accommodation. No dust on this generation. The rhododendrons are lovelier than ever, privilege (in our democratic age) is as rampant and entrenched as in Reform Bill days, every expensive villa has its expensive party, "everybody who is somebody" has a snug billet somewhere, and the best racing in the world is for the delicate feet of the blood-royal of the Stud book. . . . "Ascot at its best, and what a place to sack!" as Field-Marshal von Blomberg might (but doesn't) say. Nobody says it. No one wishes it ill or would wish the privileged pretties to be rained on, or covered with dust, or to be robbed of their fun and their triumphs. Your staunch democrats flock there to gape at the *Tatler* ladies, and adore the sight of the scarlet footmen and the hydrangeas gloriously blue among the gold cups behind the barrier which divides the commonalty from the aristocracy of the realm and the stage and great world. All that democratisation means is the doubling and trebling of the select aristocracy of wealth and notoriety. Democracy! What jests are committed in thy name! No one is deceived by the label. We are still in love with the age of privilege. We adore class distinctions. We love a lord and we laugh aloud. It is carnival time.

DIAMONDS.—This is a frivolous *Newsletter*—I realise it. But it fits the hour. It is our carnival time. (When is it not carnival time in carefree England where the limelight for ever plays on the gay shop windows



EMULATING THE LIGHT BLUES: Boys of H.M.S. *Worce* oared gig to victory in last Saturday's race against t *Worcester's* ninth successive victory in this annual

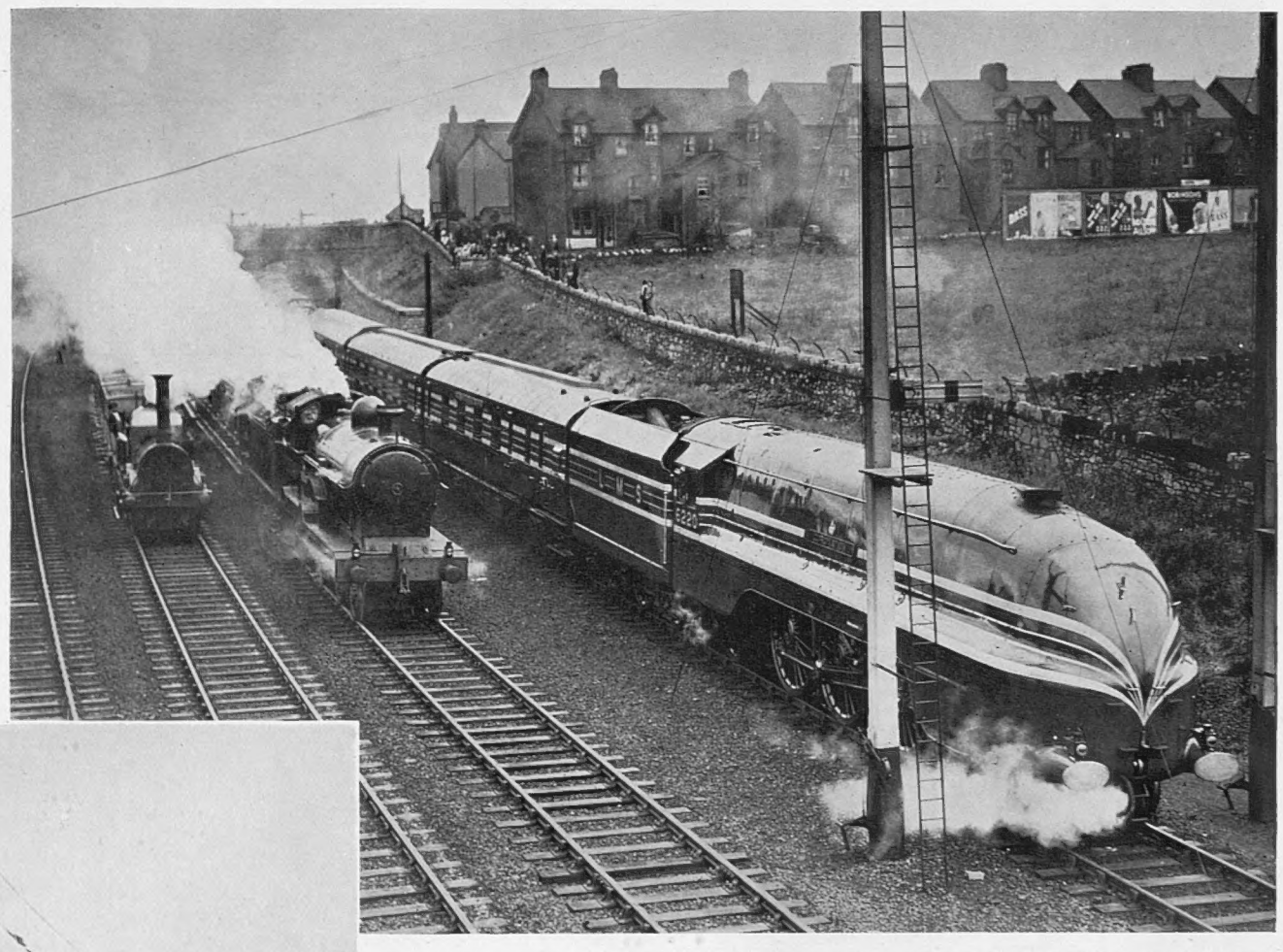
rather than on the dingy wynds?) Let us talk of diamonds and not fail to crowd in to watch the sale of jewels at Sotheby's on July 1. It will all be done in so quiet and matter-of-fact a way by those superlatively calm and cool auctioneers. They will pass round the historic sparklers as if they were so many lumps of coal (as indeed they are) and the protagonists who are prepared to go to £20,000 will hardly deign to glance at the exhibits. It is part of the game, the technique and play acting of great auctions. Item, a rivière of twenty-nine great diamonds with thirteen pear-shaped pendant brilliants. It once graced the lovely neck of poor Marie Antoinette. Not the famous diamond necklace—the *collier en diamants*—which hurried on her tragedy, not through her guilty intent but through her fecklessness. This is a different necklace but its documented history is watertight. The Queen managed before her death to pass it to Marie Therèse, her daughter. Madame d' Angoulème left it by will to Madame de Chambord. The latter bequeathed it to the Duchess of Madrid, whose two daughters are now selling it. Pearls also. Annie Lady Cowdray's superb pearls (rather like gun-metal beads) are up for sale—black pearls, so called. A necklace of forty-three, weighing a 7th part of a lb! Item, the famous Cowdray pendant. A single black pearl, weighing 100 grains. Who will be brave enough to buy and wear these gee-gaws worth a King's ransom—to-day? It is (have I said it before?) the age of democracy. Believe me (or believe me not) there are a million women who would joyfully wear them; odder still, there are perhaps a thousand women who could afford to wear them.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY'S (AND OTHER) TAKINGS.—A verger to whom I spoke when I went through the Abbey assured me there wasn't a hope that they would make up all they had lost through the long closing of the Abbey for the Coronation preparations. I craved leave to doubt when I saw the queues (which I confess I managed to evade by an expedient of my own planning). I reckon the Abbey has taken since the Coronation not less than £16,000 in less than a month. It is good going and I wonder what the average takings for the closure period are, reckoned over the preceding five years. The great influx of tourists has brought a good harvest to other great shows (and will bring). The Academy has done very well. The Aldershot Tattoo expects to break all records, so does Wimbledon. Olympia did well, Chelsea did well. The School of Needlework took a bumper harvest from showing the royal robes. The money still pours in. The nation of shop-keepers dressed its windows to admiration. *C'est son métier.*

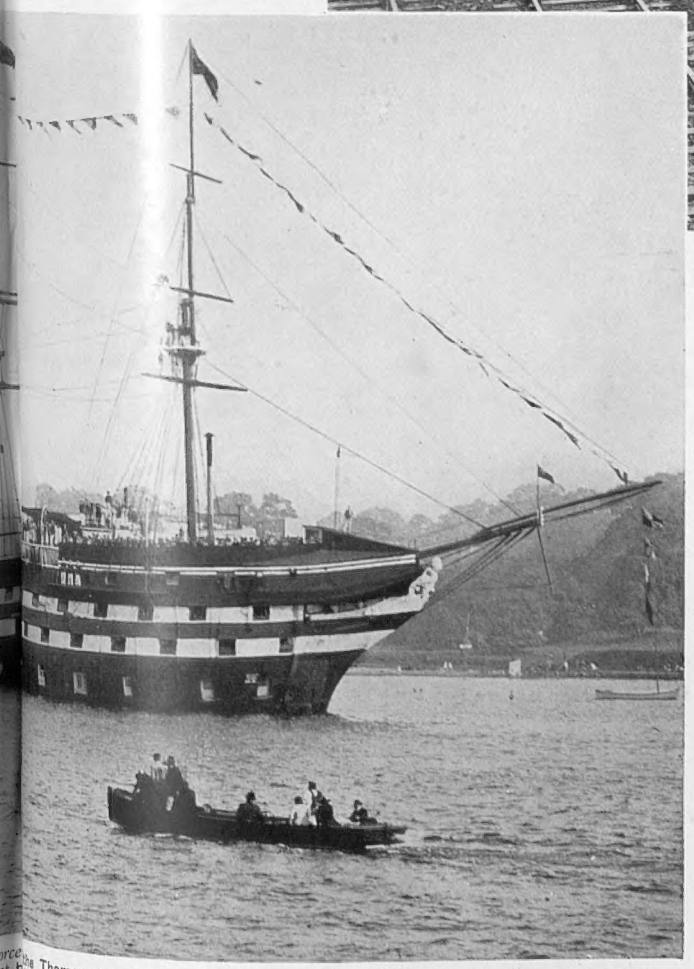
MADAME LYDIS.—Mariette Lydis, of whose work I have been in the past a modest patron, will sell no more to me until she recovers from her present fit of morbidity. It is a pity, for she has a delicacy of line and an eye for design which are rare. But always she suggested a *nostalgie de la boue*—a hankering after the unwholesome; even in those clever and cruel and understanding studies of types of the fallen from *The Beggar's Opera*. Now she has gone bug-house. Some of her exhibits at Colnaghi's are little short of loathsome, studies of criminal and of lunatic types which might perhaps (or perhaps not) usefully hang in the Museum at Scotland Yard or the records-room at Broadmoor. Result: Her art, which has improved since I last saw her work (when there was still room for improvement in technique), does not do itself justice. She is duli and commonplace. I felt the same about the Crimes Museum at the Yard when I was shown over it. I was frankly bored with the exhibits—the cheap bath in which a murderer drowned his wives, Peace's pocket ladder, and so forth. Crime and lunacy are no fit handmaidens to Art. They are hand-cuff maidens, strait-waistcoat maidens, fettering inspiration and skill.

DUKE OF BRONTE.—The lands of the Duchy of Bronte in Sicily have passed by the will of Sir Alexander Nelson Hood to his 26-year-old nephew, Lord Bridport, whose heir Sir Alexander was. With the lands goes the title of Duke of Bronte bestowed on Nelson in 1801. This title and the lands are disposable by will and do not follow by inheritance or special remainder. Sir Alexander himself was a younger son of a Lord Bridport and inherited the lands and title of Bronte by will. There is a "charge" on the estate, which I have unearthed, to cause acute anxiety to Lord Bridport. Writing to his brother-in-law, Mr. Manfield, from aboard *Isis*, on November 7, 1801, Captain Thomas (Kiss-me or Kismet) Hardy said: "Lord Nelson has given me 100 acres in any part of his estate at Bronte that I choose to point out . . . I certainly have accepted and intend to keep . . ." Hardy left no male issue, but one of his daughters left many descendants of whom Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor is, I fancy, the senior representative. Another is Lord Mansfield. To add that personal and piquant postscript (which makes journalism *different*), among the lesser fry of heirs of the body of Sir Thomas Hardy in the female line is my own son. If the seniors hold back perhaps my son will wish, through his "next friend," to put forward his claim. But I daresay Lord Bridport will suffer no sleepless nights. I cannot find that Hardy ever entered on his lands in Sicily.

DR. INGE'S LOGIC.—Dr. Inge told Winchester and some overseas notables some home truths the other day in the Cathedral. He slashed the present generation. So far from being a generation of vipers, he found it a generation of lizards. The increasing hours of leisure are spent mainly in amusements which involve no mental or physical effort whatever—in watching games, listening-in for hours on end (that wireless again!)—and for women there is dress and an unpleasant use of cosmetics. (Which last were the chief interests of women in the Edwardian age and in ancient Egypt). Men, again, instead of being drunk and violent (manly vices), prefer to press a button and listen in dreamily to jazz or watch paid athletes sweating or salaried stunters flirting with Death. At the same time the Dean blames men for regarding war as an ennobling pursuit. (Perhaps it was the heat, perhaps he was wrongly reported, but a chink appears to open here in the unassailable armour of his logic). True, there is a type of mind which regards war (waged by other people) as a stimulating mid-summer news item. Dr. Inge's cure for all these undesirable manifestations of softness and/or war-worship is a return to Puritanism—the high rather than the low, the broad rather than the narrow type—high ideals, plain fare, hard work. It may be so, but won't be achieved by pressing a button! Anyway, Dr. Inge never preaches a dull sermon (which the Puritans often did).



A CENTURY OF RAILROAD HISTORY was epitomised on the L.M.S. line between Llandudno and Colwyn Bay, North Wales, last Sunday when three engines, each representative of a different period, travelled side by side. On the left is the *Lion*, which was built in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession, in the centre the *Coronation* dating from 1911, and on the right the new streamlined locomotive *Coronation*, representative of 1937, which on July 5 is to inaugurate the faster Euston-Glasgow service, taking 6½ instead of 7½ hrs. for the trip. It is astonishing to realise that a hundred years ago, Britain had scarcely 1,000 miles of railway, whereas to-day the mileage is in the neighbourhood of 20,000 over which some 850,000,000 passengers are carried annually at an astonishingly low accident ratio

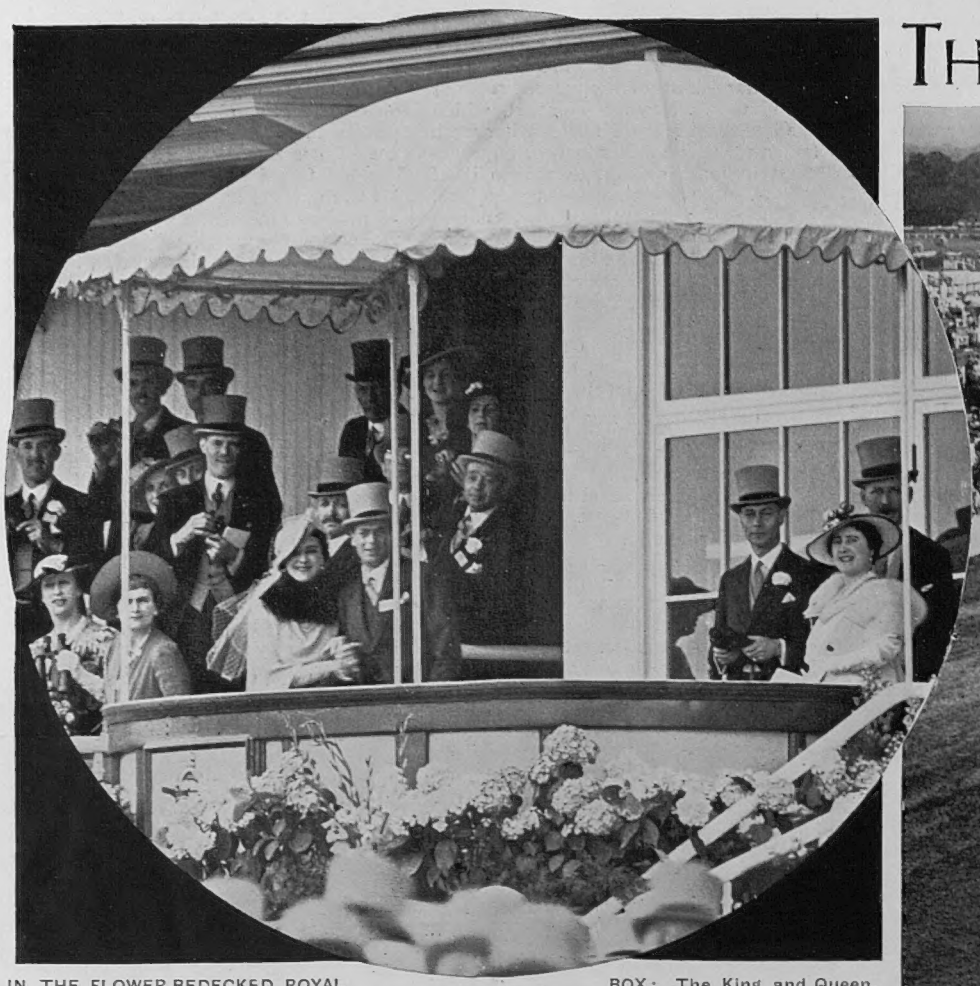


...e Thames Nautical Training Ship seen in background) rowing their six-...the cadet school ship, H.M.S. *Conway*, of Rock Ferry, Birkenhead. This was ...e contest which always arouses intense enthusiasm among the rival ships

THE MOON LEAVES ITS TRACK.—The Astronomer Royal in his annual report (which is always interesting) doesn't actually blame it on that wireless. But no doubt he thinks in his heart that radio is to blame for the fact that during the period under review: The moon ran off her track and has never been so erratic in her behaviour since 1680; Big Ben gave the wrong time on five occasions; there was less sunshine recorded than in any of the preceding forty years—a mere 25 per cent. of the "possible"—and the highest rainfall for the first quarter ever recorded; atmospheric pollution was 25 per cent. worse than the year before. All these things (no doubt) come from tampering with Nature in Promethean scientific *hubris*. Prince Rupert and Charles II had probably been doing the same thing in their laboratories before 1680.

THE OLD STAGER

THE KING AND QUEEN



IN THE FLOWER-BEDECKED ROYAL BOX: The King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Royal after their drive up the course at the start of the first day's racing, which was held in fine but slightly chilly weather. The Queen wore a charming frock of white chiffon, while the Duchess of Kent was an outstanding figure in pale duck-egg blue crepe

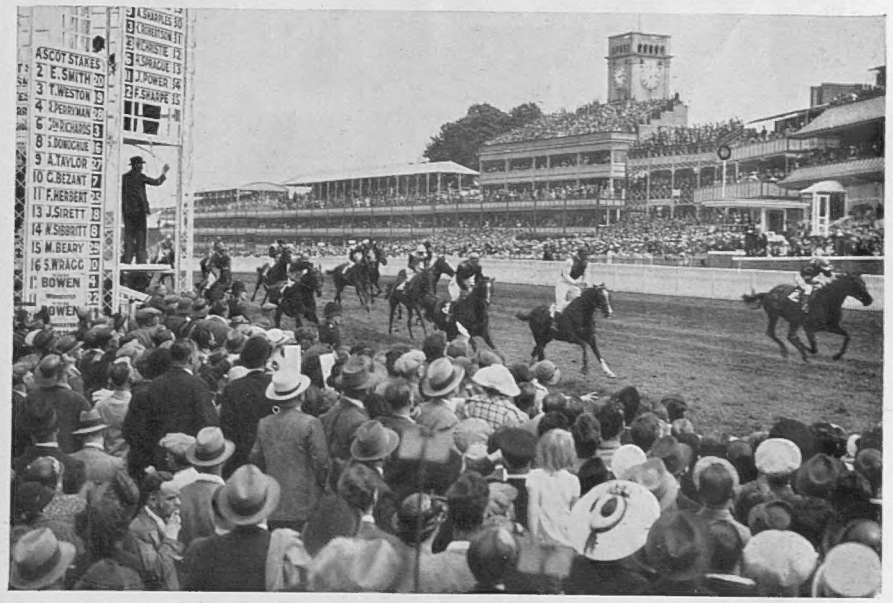
COACH-TOP VIEW: Racegoers watching the first event from the vantage point of the carriages lining the course. Despite the threat of rain gay frocks were much in evidence, a feature of many being the shorter skirt

THE FASHION "STAKES": Three charming costumes glimpsed in the Royal enclosure where off-the-forehead hats seemed to be the order of the day, and the shorter skirt as worn by Lady Willoughby de Broke (*centre*) vied in popularity with the long, trailing, garden party dress of tradition. Owing to the chill in the air many furs were to be seen

THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSES THE STANDS: *Top and above*—Two impressions of the brilliant scene as the King and Queen drove along the New Mile on arrival for the first day of the Coronation year Ascot, one of the most memorable Royal meetings ever held on a course that has witnessed so

GRACE ROYAL ASCOT

ONCE AGAIN THROUGH THE LION GATE: The King and Queen in their open landau drawn by four of the famous Windsor greys with riders in scarlet and gold liveries, arriving on the course at the start of their drive over the New Mile. They were greeted with thunderous cheers along every yard of the way and the waving of handkerchiefs by countless women spectators crowding the rails



A GOOD START FOR MANTON: Sir Abe Bailey's Valerian (ridden by Weston and trained by Lawson) winning the valuable Ascot Stakes on the first day of the meeting from consistent but unlucky Kept-on and Sir Calidore

MORE FASHION NOTES: Three examples of the trailing skirt that has for so long been such a feature of Ascot wear and was again in evidence this year despite the popularity of the shorter skirt worn by some racegoers, including the Duchesses of Kent, Northumberland, and Norfolk. In the centre picture is Lady Dufferin and Ava

...uch of history. At the head of the cavalcade were two outriders resplendent in ...carlet and gold livery and cockaded top hats, while following behind Their Majesties ...ere six carriages drawn by teams of bays in which rode the Duchess of Gloucester, ...e Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and other members of the Royal family

KNIGHTL

At Windsor's Gart

QUEENLY PROGRESS: Qu
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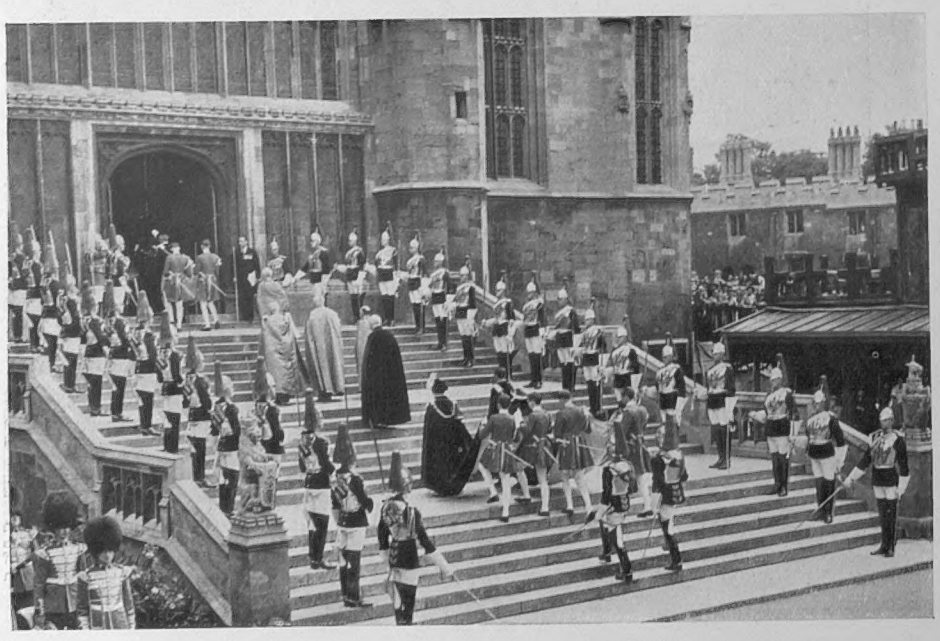
ROYAL WINDSOR'S GREAT DAY: The brilliant spectacle within the Castle grounds as the Knights of the Garter, followed by Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary (the Ladies of the Garter), and the King (Sovereign of the Order) walked in procession through a lane formed by men of the 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards, to the Garter service in St. George's Chapel



THE KING AND QUEEN ENTER ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: *Left*—Their Majesties, resplendent in the robes of the Order, ascending the steps lined by a guard of honour of dismounted troopers of the Royal Horse Guards. *Right*—Passing along the aisle to their seats after entering by the west door

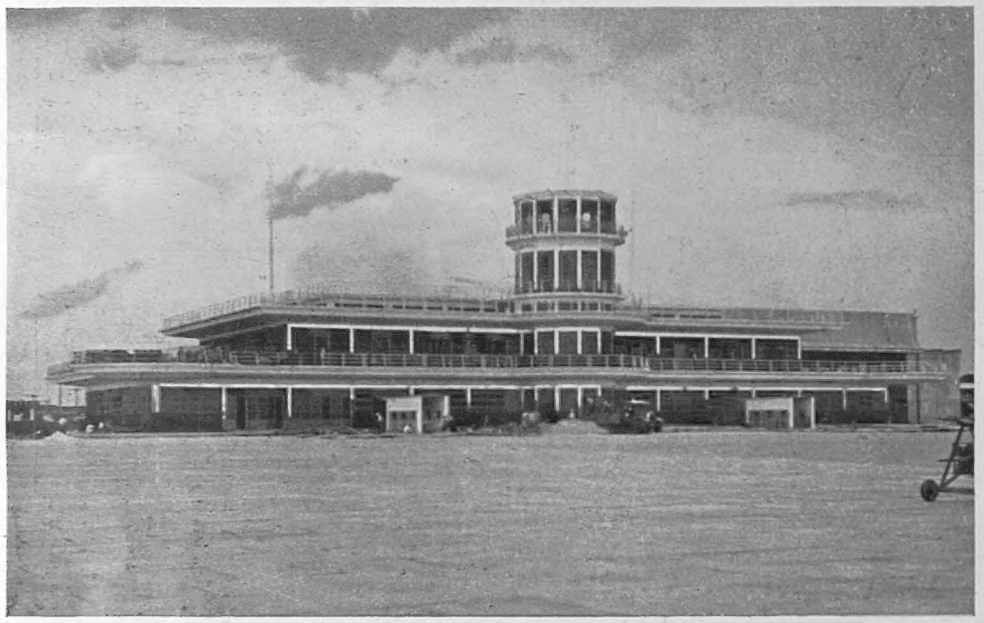
PAGEANTRY

ervice Last Monday

ry, who alone shares with Queen the Garter, walked in the proces- ndsor, last Monday when the the highest order of chivalry in rvice of the Order to be held for scelles, elder son of the Princess amsay bore Her Majesty's train

RETURN TO THE CASTLE: The King and Queen passing through the lower ward after the conclusion of the Garter service, which was attended by all the knights except two—the Dukes of Windsor and Connaught. *Below*—Another glimpse of the returning procession which was watched by 5,000 spectators within the Castle grounds. Following the service Their Majesties entertained the knights to a State luncheon

LIGHTNING OVER LONDON: A vivid flash above the City during the big storm towards the end of last week when thunder, lightning, and torrential rain followed close on several days of heat wave weather



FROM MALARIAL SWAMP TO MODERN AIRPORT: The Control building at the new £1,000,000 flying field which has just been completed at Singapore and which was opened a few days ago by Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in the Straits Settlements. The aerodrome, built on what was once fever-ridden waste land, is probably the most modernly equipped east of Suez and has facilities for the largest land machines operating on the long distance Oriental services and a clear channel for the use of the new Imperial Airways flying boats which will make it a stopping-place on the England-Australia-England route now in course of development

MISHAP IN THE COACHING MARATHON AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: When Mr. H. J. Colebrook's team of bays reached the showground following the drive from Hyde Park, one of the leaders reared and, after its legs had become entangled with the traces, it fell, pulling the other leader with it. Willing helpers ran across to the rescue and soon both horses were released and re-yoked

A. P. Herbert's Marriage Bill Forges Ahead

His Much-discussed Measure is Passed by the Commons and Goes to Meet its Fate in the Lords

MR. A. P. HERBERT'S Marriage Bill has been passed by the House of Commons. It is the only important private member's Bill passed by the House for many years, and this shows that it has received support both spontaneous in quality and exceptional in volume. The Bill as sent up to the Lords contains several amendments to the draft originally presented by Mr. De La Bere and Mr. Herbert. What amendments will the Lords make? What will be the fate of the measure?

It is a revolutionary Bill. Of all social institutions marriage is the one which most clearly, most intimately, and most continuously influences the life of every citizen. Any measure which weakens or impoverishes the institution of marriage not only injures the State but ultimately inflicts untold unhappiness on men, women, and above all, children. Any measure which strengthens it confers corresponding benefits. Mr. Herbert's Bill makes two proposals of outstanding importance; it introduces new grounds for the dissolution of marriage; it provides that no marriage shall be dissolved, for any reason whatsoever, within five years from its celebration. It should be added for the sake of clarity that this period of five years does not relate to the annulment of a marriage on the ground that, for some reason recognised by the law, it was void from the start; it only affects the dissolution of valid marriages. The critics of the one proposal have often been, and will be, the supporters of the other.

English law has, apart from the commission of certain sexual crimes, hitherto recognised only one ground of divorce, namely adultery. Since 1923 a single act of adultery by either party to the marriage has been sufficient to secure its dissolution. Before that date this ground sufficed for a husband petitioner, but not for the wife; a wife had to show not only that her husband had been unfaithful, but also that he had deserted her or been guilty of cruelty towards her. Now the petitioner, unless he or she has been unfaithful, has adopted a course of conduct since the last act of adultery which shows that he or she has forgiven it, or has been guilty of conduct deliberately calculated to encourage or promote unfaithfulness on the part of the other spouse, or unless the case is exceptional in certain other respects, has an absolute right to call on the Court to dissolve the marriage, and the Court has no discretion to refuse to do so. There are also what are known as "discretion cases," where for instance the petitioner admits acts of adultery but asks the Court to exercise its discretion in his or her favour and grant a decree. Apart from these cases, on the one hand one lapse of a certain kind is enough; on the other a course of conduct which evinces an intention to repudiate all the obligations of married life counts for nothing, so far as divorce is concerned, unless adultery can be proved.

The most controversial clause in the Bill has been that extending the grounds of divorce. Incurable habitual drunkenness and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence have been deleted from the Bill; and the clause now to be submitted to the Lords provides that, in addition to adultery, desertion for at least three years, cruelty, and incurable insanity shall each be a ground of divorce. Apart from those who have opposed any extension on general grounds, the last of these has been criticised because of the difficulty of saying that any lunatic is incurable; but the clause provides that a lunatic must have been under care or treatment for five years before his or her insanity becomes a ground for divorce; and apparently ninety-seven out of a hundred cures are effected within five years of the patient's first insanity.

Mr. Herbert states that the purpose of the Bill is "to strengthen the institution of marriage and increase respect for the law." He claims that the present law is so out of touch with contemporary opinion that "people must commit either adultery or perjury, and the law is a definite incentive to immorality." He is opposed mainly by those who insist that the law of the land must stand on the same footing as Christian teaching. These are composed broadly of two classes—those who take the Catholic view that marriage is a sacrament and therefore indissoluble; and those who take the Protestant view that marriage is a holy institution but not a sacrament, and that while every effort should be made to maintain its sacred character there are circumstances in which, the substance of marriage having been destroyed, the retention of its legal form will be of no advantage. The first says that divorce does not exist, and therefore, while it is bad for the State to recognise divorce for adultery, to recognise it for desertion is simply an additional evil. The second says that the present law is already more lax than the effective support of marriage requires.

The answer to the Catholic opponent of the Bill is simply that his view of marriage is not accepted by the majority of English people, that to prescribe a law which the average citizen does not approve entails greater evils than those against which the legislation is aimed, and that he must alter English convictions before he makes English laws. The answer to the Protestant opponent is in part the same, in part that adultery is not the only offence which destroys the substance of marriage, and that a measure which makes a genuine attempt to deal with the genuine causes of breakdown is at least a step in the right direction. Desertion has long been a ground for divorce in Scotland and matrimonial standards are not noticeably lower in that country than in England.

While it may be that, as the Bishop of Gloucester has recently suggested, adultery should only be a ground for divorce when accompanied by desertion or cruelty, or, as Mr. Crossley proposed in the House of Commons, when it is persistent, the time is not ripe for such a drastic reversal of the present rule. In the meantime the fact remains that Mr. Herbert has passed his Bill through the House of Commons; the House may consent to accept amendments in detail from the Lords, but the principles of the Bill will almost inevitably become law.

W. T. Wells

WOMEN AT WIMBLEDON

Five Players Who Will Figure Prominently in the Coming Lawn Tennis Championships

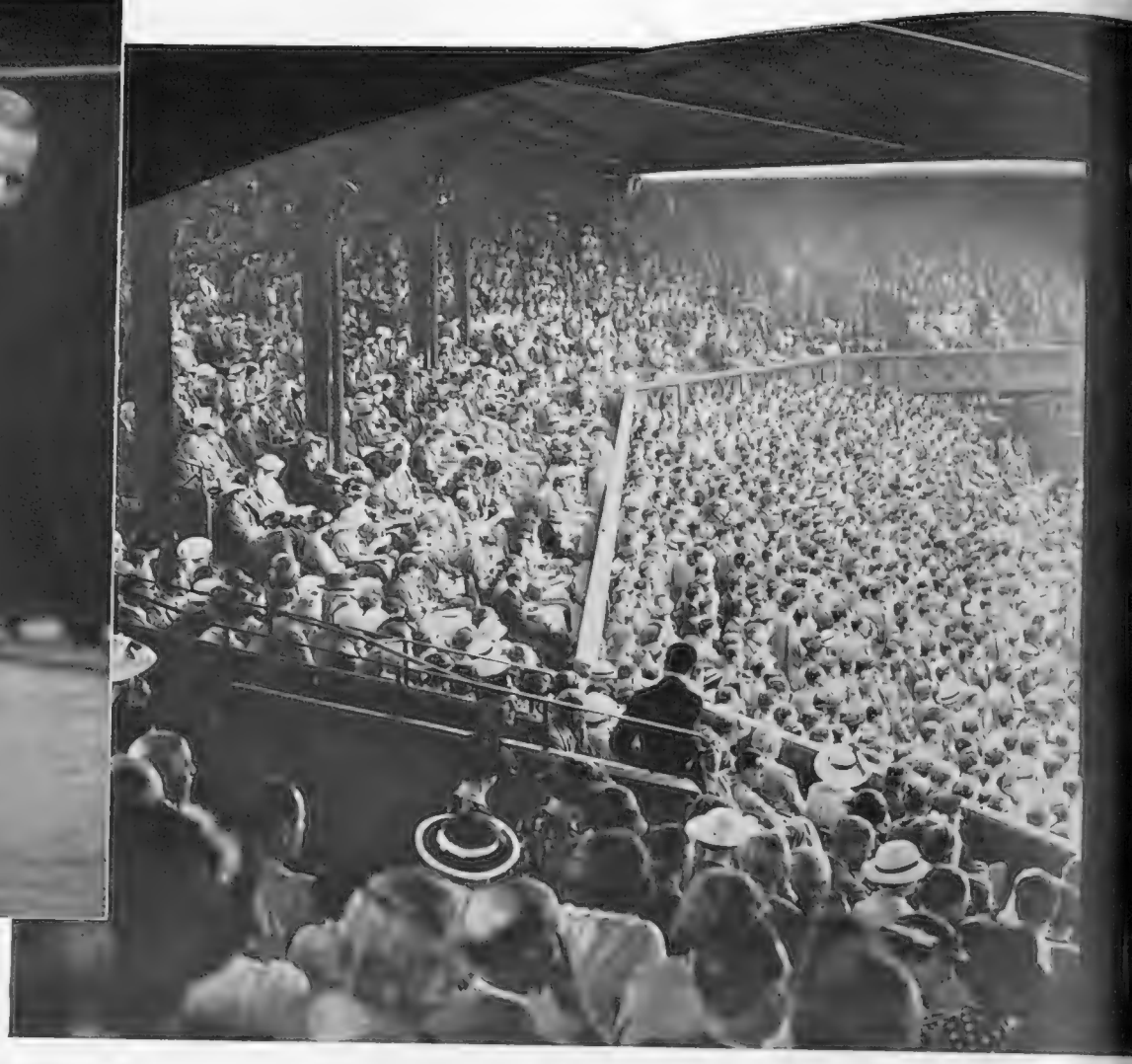
UPS AND DOWNS OF BRITAIN'S No. 1: Miss Dorothy Round, who is seen in action above and top left, has met with varying fortune since she won the Wimbledon women's singles title in 1934, but undoubtedly has it in her to stage a come-back. Her narrow defeat by Mrs. M. R. King at Beckenham last week was surprising, but not altogether inexplicable, for her opponent must surely rank with Madame Sperling as one of the most persistent performers in the game. Miss Round will shortly be celebrating her twenty-eighth birthday

THE GIRL FROM SANTIAGO: Señorita Anita Lizana, the smiling young Chilean star, is now in her third season in England and is proving as formidable an opponent as ever. Her forthcoming marriage will make her a British subject and it is thus possible that in the future she will assist Britain in the Wightman Cup contests against the U.S.A.

THE DOUBLES PAIR PAR EXCELLENCE: Miss Freda James (left) and Miss Katherine Stammers, who have long been personal friends and whose lawn tennis partnership has been one of the most successful of recent years, the former's stop-volleying and the latter's powerful forearm driving being the big factors in their supremacy. Of late Miss James has improved her singles game considerably

THE CALIFORNIAN WITH THE CANNON-BALL SERVICE: Miss Alice Marble, the attractive player who won the United States women's singles title in 1936, has been taking part in one or two lesser tournaments over here while tuning up for Wimbledon where she is sure to give a good account of herself despite the fact that her game has been a little uncertain. Last week she beat Miss Hardwick

GERMANY'S NO. 1: Baron von Cramm, that clever all-round player who sprang into prominence in 1931 when he reached the fourth round at Wimbledon and has since gone from strength to strength, will again make a bold bid in the championships, but will need to be at the top of his form if he is to dispose of Donald Budge



ROYAL W

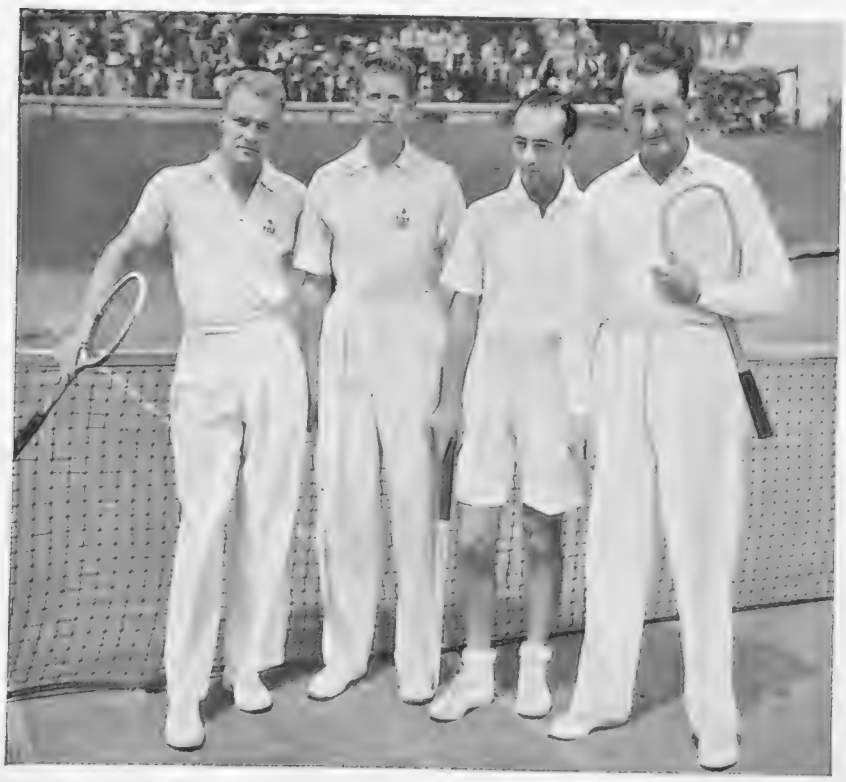
JUNE 21—

Charles Graves Writes on

THE 1937 Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting "upon the lawns" of the All England Club will open on Monday under the best possible auguries. For the first time in history we have a King-Emperor who has himself played in the championship. What is more his partner on that occasion, Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, is chairman this year of the committee of the management of the championship as well as being chairman of the All England Club. Partnered by him, King George VI, then Duke of York, won the Royal Air Force doubles and graduated from there to the championship itself at Wimbledon. Whereby hangs a pleasant tale. The Wimbledon Committee wrote to his late Majesty asking whether he would like his son to play on the centre court. The response was entirely democratic—that the Duke of York should be treated entirely on his own merits and on nothing else. As, however, his opponents were H. Roper Barrett and A. W. Gore, he and Sir Louis Greig found themselves on one of the stand courts—either 2 or 3, I forget which. Mark you, though, it was because of their opponents' rating and not because of the Duke of York's position that this court was selected.

As you may recall, they were defeated, though not surprisingly. I forget the actual score, but the Duke proved himself a formidable left-hander who might have gone much further with more experience. His State duties and tours abroad and to the Dominions and Colonies, however, prevented him from improving his game. But one may be sure that he will be a regular attendant in the Royal Box, though the Hendon Air Pageant coincides with the final Saturday.

This year there are more applications than ever, and if one includes those who have entered for the doubles and not for the singles, more than 450 lawn tennis players have applied to play. As usual, the men's singles will be limited to 128 players and the women's to ninety-six. There will also be ninety-six players in the men's doubles and forty-eight players in the women's doubles, though the vast majority of these players will have already entered for the singles.



AMERICA TRIUMPHS: Gene Mako (left) and Donald Budge (United States) with the Australians, Vivian McGrath and Jack Crawford (right), whom they beat in three straight sets in the recent Davis Cup American zone final at Forest Hills. The length and vigour of Budge's drives were the deciding factors, the Californian ace dominating the game from start to finish. Crawford (still faithful to long sleeves) won the Wimbledon singles and the French singles championships in 1933

What happens is this. The last eight places in the men's singles and the women's singles are, so to speak, free for all. That is to say, that this week at Roehampton, Hurlingham, and Chapel Allerton all except the first 120 men and eighty-eight women applicants are invited to qualify by match play for the last eight places. The foreign contenders if told they must qualify, seldom do so, and withdraw. The others, as I say, fight it out.

This year there will be about sixty foreign entrants. Baron von Cramm, the handsome young German finalist of last

A MODEL OF CONSISTENCY: Madame Sperling, perhaps the steadiest woman player in lawn tennis, who recently showed she was at the top of her form by beating Madame Mathieu in the final of the French championships. She goes on returning the ball with complete imperturbability and an almost uncanny prevision of her adversary's next move

THE FAVOURITE: Donald Budge who, now that Perry has joined the professional ranks, has an excellent chance of carrying off the honours at Wimbledon. Austin, von Cramm, and Crawford are among his many past victims in Davis Cup tennis, while before he reached his twenties he took Perry to five sets

IMBLEDON

—JULY 3

on's Coming Championships

year, will of course be seeded, and so will his compatriot Henkel, the latter, presumably, in the other half of the draw, where Donald Budge, the red-headed American, will also find himself. The latter, indeed, is napped by several experts as the ultimate winner. All told, eight men, eight women, and four pairs in the various double events are seeded each year. Other probable winners are Madame Sperling, who has not lost a single set in the French championships for the last three years, Kay Stammers and Miss Freda James in the women's doubles; and Donald Budge and Mako in the men's doubles.

The great question, though it is not really a question at all, is whether the absence of Perry will make a difference to the receipts. Some people actually think that the introduction of professional lawn tennis will take away from the attraction of Wimbledon. Nothing could be further from the truth. When Suzanne Lenglen turned professional and ceased to play at Wimbledon everybody said that the lawn tennis championships would lose half their attraction. As a matter of fact, more people than ever came the following year. It will be exactly the same with Perry. After all, if you put your finger in a pail of water and take it out you do not leave a hole. The truth is that spectators know that at Wimbledon the players go flat out to win every set. With the professionals they cannot be sure. When, the other day, Perry lost his first match to Vines at Wembley, I would have bet pounds to pennies that Perry would win the return match. And why not? Professional lawn tennis is a money-making business.

Yes, as a famous lawn tennis critic said in describing the first match between Perry and Vines, the play, though of high quality, was "curiously unreal." Not surprisingly. If you play the same man fifty or sixty times you must get to know exactly his weaknesses and strength. What is more, you are liable to get bored with him. It was duly reported in the American Press not long ago that Lott became so tired of Perry that he said to him "I want to push your face in; in fact, I rather think I will do it now." Whether he actually said it or not I leave to the newspapers which reported the incident, but in any event it seems highly probable.

Meantime the critics and the public are already shouting the name of E. J. Filby, the young Surrey player who celebrated his twentieth birthday only a week ago. He won the St. George's Hill Cup at Weybridge by defeating Charles Harris, America's No. 8, with the loss of only six games. As his victims also included in this tournament another American ranked player, and C. R. D. Tuckey, No. 6 in England and a member of last year's Davis Cup, he shows every sign of being a new favourite.

(Continued on page 628)

THE HARDEST HITTER IN THE GAME: Mlle J. Jedrzejowska, the Polish champion, whose robust driving is always a delight to watch, but whose form varies considerably from match to match. In one of the semi-finals of the French championships the other day Madame Mathieu had a desperately hard fight to beat her by 7—5, 7—5

YOUNGSTERS WITH A FUTURE: John Bromwich (*left*), the eighteen-year-old Australian starlet with the two-handed backhand, is coming to Wimbledon and should give a good account of himself. In his recent Davis Cup match with Bryan Grant in the American zone final he was beaten 6—2, 7—5, 6—1, but put up a very creditable performance. *Right*—E. J. Filby, an English player who has come right to the forefront as a result of his defeat of Tuckey and others in the St. George's Hill Tournament

THEY RAN THE GAUNTLET: Citizens of Bilbao crowding round a fishing boat after it had returned to port with a big catch, having evaded the insurgent patrol ships. The Basque stronghold at the moment has only just sufficient supplies for its needs, and therefore the efforts of the fishermen are tremendously appreciated

BILBAO'S INNER RING OF FORTIFICATIONS, built by the Basques in case a last desperate stand has to be made near the gates of the city, is at the moment serving a useful purpose, the various dug-outs, such as this, that have been constructed being used as shelters during the almost daily air raids by the insurgent bombing planes, for the most part high speed Italian machines of the formidable Savoia 81 type

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IN DEVASTATED ALMERIA: One of the 2(ships, which attacked the town as a repris found its mark on this bank buildin Note the three steel girders hanging with bloc

OMBED BILBAO:

Sights and Scenes in and Around the Beleaguered City, where the Basques have been Making such a Determined Stand Against Franco

PLATES ARE NOW IN ENGLAND: Some of the few remaining children in sittin the pavement beneath war propaganda posters. For them life is one seriealarms, with almost daily air raids threatening their existence and making ary hid descents to the shelters that have been dug in every quarter of the city

DURANGO'S SHATTERED JESUIT CHURCH: An impression of the building after insurgent planes had dropped their heavy bombs, reducing a large portion of the place to ruin. The central altar in the apse of the church, which has the air of being a modern structure, is largely intact to all appearance

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a repris the bombing of the *Deutschland*,
buildin xing a portion of the façade.
ith bloc asonry still attached to the ends

ALMERIA AS ONCE IT WAS

The Port of Granada in the Days before the Bombardment

ALMERIA has been smashed about by German shells and German pride is healed. I wish they had picked on some other place for their vengeance.

I arrived in Almeria on Twelfth Night. We had come tumbling down from the snows and icy winds of the Sierra Nevada, and by comparison Twelfth Night in Almeria was a balmy Mediterranean night. Its narrow streets were full of gas-lit stalls crammed with dolls, toy balloons, mouth-organs, beads, beads, and again beads, and sticky sweetmeats like those hawked in the streets of Cairo. Epiphany, not Christmas Day, brings the Spanish child its gifts.

It is a higgledy-piggledy town. From the magnificent sweep of blue bay you can see the white, angular houses piling up slowly toward a ring of fort-crested hills. O, not really fort-crested; not the kind of thing which warships might be justified in having a bang at; bleached, toothless gums. When I barked my shins scrambling over the old stones, *gitano* children laughed; goats, annoyed at the intrusion, skipped as only Spanish goats can skip; and tiny lizards slid over the stones like animated State jewels.

It seemed to me a peculiarly unprotected harbour. Instead of gun emplacements along the fringe of the bay there were pretty ornamental gardens. They were planted a few years ago when pleasure steamers began putting into Almeria. Jutting out over the sea were the big, ugly loading plants erected by the neighbouring, foreign-owned mines. Farther along were huge sheds for the warehousing of grapes. Most of the Malaga grapes one used to buy came from Almeria where the fruit has a remarkably tough skin and is therefore admirably suited for export.

The streets are rather dull. They are narrow, for coolness in summer, and there is not much vegetation. The palms cannot compare with those of Malaga or Alicante, or even Sitges, right up north. The houses have the usual African aspect; square white walls with very few windows, and flat roofs. The flat roofs are the liveliest things in Malaga. The whole white jumble is extremely flimsy and one can well imagine what an excellent record, per shell, the German gunners were able to tot up. Each shell must have had the effect of an earthquake.

The main street is the Paseo del Principe. In it is the leading hotel. If you were nice to the proprietor he would give you the top rooms in winter, where the sun came, and in summer the bottom rooms, where it was cool; and he would tell you how much better is the climate of Almeria than that of Malaga and how much more historic is this little port than any other along the coast: "Cuando Almería era Almería Granada era su alquería"—Almeria was Almeria when Granada was but its farm!

The Romans called it Portus Magnus; the Moors, Al-Mariyat. As a pirate nest under the famous Ibn Maimûn, it was as much a scourge as Algiers; and it was one of the last of the Moorish strongholds in Spain. Ferdinand the Catholic captured it in 1488, and from that time onward, until the opening of the railway in 1899, it gradually declined, its fortifications crumbled, its harbour lay idle, its fields and hillsides became the resort of gipsy troglodytes.

And still is. The bank of cliff-like sierra behind the town is pocked with cave-dwellings. Their entrances stare down at you, as you look up from the harbour, like the white-ringed eyes of stage negroes. They are cut into a soft, pinkish stone without an atom of vegetation, the broken, yellow line of the Alcazaba rising above them like a ghostly extension of the ridge itself. There is more Moorish than Spanish blood in these cave-dwellers of Almeria. But perhaps no longer.

The only building in Almeria which resembles a fortress is the cathedral. It is a big, dark, angry looking thing—quite odd to come upon after scores of the merriest baroque in Valencia, Murcia, and Andalusia. This gloomy type of building is, however, not contrary to Spanish character. It has some of the stark drama of a Ribera painting. You have, in fact, only to study the architecture and painting of Spain to know a great deal about the Spanish character. In Almeria, however, there is not much architecture left to study; and even the cathedral has a hole in it. Well, it needed more light. I wore out the battery of a pocket electric torch trying to recognise the paintings in the nave and the elaborate 16th-century carvings of the stalls.

Before I left Almeria I asked a workman in a vineyard belonging to my Norwegian host what he considered the ideal state of life: "A peseta a day to buy corn and melons," he replied; "a leafy tree at midday, and a cool roof at sundown." Simple wants, but it seems that Almeria must shed much blood before it can enjoy them in peace.

R. E.

GERMAN HAVOC: A house in Almeria wrecked by a direct hit from one of the five raiding warships which in an hour's shelling killed 24 inhabitants

CONGO of the Open Door

Belgium's Booming Colonial Possession in Africa

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ON THE WATERS OF THE CONGO: The passenger steamer *Prince Leopold*, one of the two vessels maintaining a regular fortnightly service along the upper reaches of the great river which is one of the colony's most important arteries of commerce. The top deck is for the captain and his family, the middle deck for white passengers, and the lowest deck for natives

AT a time when it is fashionable to argue that colonies can be a drag as well as a liability, and that the transfer of certain of them to pressing late-comers or latterly deprived ones would not be a bad thing but for two regrettable factors: probable native reaction to their "sacrifice" and uncertainty as to how hypothetical possessors might turn to account newly accrued raw materials and strategic points, a note of a different kind is heard with regard to the Belgian Congo—in its present shape, be it added, notably removed from grim rubber days of the beginning of the century, thanks in no small degree to a 25-year interlude of King Albert.

The abundant Congo is booming. After crisis years when it was kept above water only by that terrible thing, a national lottery, *la Colonie* has been caught up in the world demand for raw materials, which it is able conspicuously to meet by reason of its special trading system. It was in Antwerp that I was "put wise" to things. The port showed an activity I had not witnessed since the 'twenties, and on inquiring why, I was answered with the one word "Congo." Exports from that quarter were apparently shooting up, two and three times over; the Home Government was able to count on a growing nest egg as a result; the stage was being set for a fresh bound forward with M. van Zeeland's visit to the Equator shortly after his return from the United States.

Speaking at Leopoldville, on his arrival, the magnetic young Belgian leader said:—"I have a reputation in Europe of being able to cure bad times as if by magic, whereas all I do is to approach a case dispassionately, as would a surgeon. A surgeon also profits from the strong points in a patient's constitution, for which he is rightly appreciative, and that is exactly how I feel regarding the Congo. I come here partly to thank the Colony for having, as a surprise packet, made my work less onerous in the first critical year, 1935–36, and also to see that we at home and you on the spot derive even greater benefit in the future. And by that I need hardly say I mean the native population, as well. In fact, all nations.

"It is a source of no small pride to us Belgians that alone in the world to-day we maintain the policy of the open door in the Congo Basin, as we convened to do in the peace treaties. Foreigners can profit side by side with the possessing State—as you see emphasised in the census figures showing one-third of the Colony's 18,000 whites to be non-Belgian. It is one of the main causes of your success that foreign countries and enterprise have been so allowed in on an equal footing. The solution of the colonial question is to be found in the special regime we accepted for the Congo, and I say that as the politician invited by the two chief colonial Powers to explore a way to economic readjustment with what have been called the Have-Not peoples.

"But the open door is as far as we shall ever go. Nor will we countenance a barter system for Congo raw materials, as sought by Dr. Schacht. Incidentally, we take note that Dr. Goebbels has said to a Belgian journalist that not only Germany hasn't sufficient strength to take colonies but wouldn't employ such a method even if she had.

"Sixty years ago a far-seeing if subsequently criticisable Belgian saw what the Congo could become—and Heaven knows he had previously cast around the earth for some colonisable corner that had not been snapped up! In the years since, Belgium has paid a high price, in war and treasure, to produce that which you see about you to-day. We intend to keep this, braving any odds, and the way to do so is a greater and a stronger Congo, for the benefit of all!"

Not all of the above address is imaginary in the second half. M. van Zeeland has been saying some of it in Brussels, and there is not much reason why he shouldn't say approximately the rest when he does reach the Congo.

When Belgium's hunt for a settling ground seemed to have failed, Leopold II, who had succeeded in 1865, alone kept the dream incessantly before him. Leopold pored over the map, studied and restudied the wide world, absorbed details of every exploration. Speke and Burton, Livingstone and Stanley were names that exercised an almost hypnotic effect. Belgium simply must have some of this amazing Central Africa being revealed to mankind. So, it came about, that in 1876 the King convened a conference whose aim was the suppression of slavery in these parts, under an international plan of scientific penetration and exploration, but which was in reality to prove the kick-off for the Congo.

Stanley's descent of the Congo River the following year clinched matters. Leopold at last saw his promised land and determined with Coburg subtlety and persistence to acquire it. The hero of the day was soon visiting the monarch, in Brussels, and there followed several "probing" expeditions culminating in Bismarck's Conference 1885, which led to Belgium's being given the major say in the Congo provided the open door and neutrality were maintained. Leopold, who had spade-worked with much cunning, had himself recognised as Sovereign of the Independent Congo State, a style he retained for the next twenty years, in the course of which severe pioneer fighting endured throughout the 'nineties, the worst against Arabs.

In 1904 came the rubber "atrocities", as laid bare by Casement and Morel. There is no doubt that the revelations were justified, yet Belgians found difficulty in stomaching them coming from a nation just finished mopping up in South Africa; even a measure of sour grapes at Rhodes having had to draw off the Congo in the past, was diagnosed. Be that as it may, the now widely execrated old Leopold decided to get a little of his own back before joining his ancestors. Many years earlier he had bequeathed the Congo, his personal holding, to the Belgian people. He now manœuvred so that Parliament annexed the territory, in 1908, though not without the Government's having to bow to outside pressure limiting the Crown's financial interest in the new Colony.

The pre-war period saw real civilising processes advancing under the very different King Albert. Railways, docks, river transport, roads, agricultural policy and mining activity, medical and missionary development, the birth of a political charter making for as much delegated self-rule as possible with very backward natives. In 1916, an expeditionary force took Tabora, German East, and Belgium was later given the mandate over part of this territory, Ruanda-Urundi, which has turned out a winner, naturally wed to neighbouring Kivu, "promised land" of the Congo, and therefore making it doubly difficult for Belgium ever to consider giving up the mandate. Previously rich in livestock and crops, Ruanda-Urundi is now going rich in minerals in addition.

In the last decade the Colony has not ceased changing under the stimulus of metropolitan attention personified in the recurring presence in Africa of an Albert, Elizabeth, Leopold and Astrid.

The biggest surprise about this new Congo is the eclipse of rubber. What once was the be-all and end-all, very raison d'être of the Colony, is relegated to almost bottom place in the export list: 180,000 lbs. as against 11,000,000 lbs. in Leopoldian 1900. The reason? Simply the astounding Congolese richness in all directions, several much more paying than rubber. The big seven to-day are gold, copper, palm oil, cotton, coffee, diamonds, copal. In 1934 the value of the gold extracted was two hundred times greater than that of the rubber crop.

"The transformation from monopolising rubber to a healthier diversity of products," I was told, "is traceable to four causes. Economic liberty favouring every initiative, a unique prospecting of the sub-soil, agricultural development from zero, and concentration on transport. The Congo now has 3,000 miles of railway, many thousands of miles of navigable river, and 27,000 miles of roads—though these are pretty bad still in one or two provinces, where colonists have to depend on the motor-cycle along tracks through the bush. But the Congo is already the turn-table of travel in Central Africa and with certain and swift air progress, will soon be more so."

In effect, one finds that, not satisfied with producing every blessed thing—cocoa, maize, livestock, radium, coal, sugar, fruit, wood, rice, tin, in addition to the "big seven"—the Congo now wants to afford first realization of an African tourist ground specially organised for Europe, a quick holiday for which one need not be unduly well-off. Such holiday could even now take you—five days out, the same home, either by Sabena or Imperial Airways—to the heart of Africa, the wonderlands of Kivu and Urundi round the great lakes, 8,000 ft. high and climatically excellent, but perhaps more is told by citation of "literature relating to the recommended routes."

An African Eldorado, The Wonderland of the Eastern Congo, Caravans and Cannibals, Gorilla Trail, Big Game and Pygmies, Out in the Blue, Eighth Wonder: National Albert Park. The hub of all this is "C'ville" standing for Costermansville of the eastern province of that name. C'ville is on the Lake Kivu "Riviera" and it is hereabouts that the major tourist effort is being made, above all for good motor roads. And to think that only two generations ago Stanley was lost for two whole years "just" coming down the Congo River.

The Colony counts 11,000,000 natives and since 1933 is divided into six provinces ruled by a Governor-General in closest touch with Brussels. The (capital) province of Leopoldville relies on commerce and transit. Coquilhatville depends on copal and oil products. Stanleyville, thanks to its climate and natural riches, has the most brilliant future of all. Its stand-byes are cotton, oil, coffee, gold, livestock, tourism, and "manioc," a tapioca vegetation which forms the native rampart against famine and represents their bread and butter. Then comes "C'ville" which, from being agricultural—it attracts the majority of the white farmers and settlers—has of late blossomed richly out in gold and tin and is consequently going industrial like its southern neighbour, Elisabethville, wherein are to be found the world-famed Katanga copper mines. E. also yields most of the world's radium now bespoke almost exclusively to the United States.

Finally Lusambo Province which has been set upon its feet by diamonds, these giving work in normal times to no fewer than 20,000 back in Antwerp; for the finished product likewise to be "taken care of" by the U.S.

In all, over 6,000 industrial establishments of some sort are now in operation. Only half are Belgian. Here, again, we spot the open door which is further indicated by the fact of the Congo taking two-thirds of its imports from countries other than Belgium.

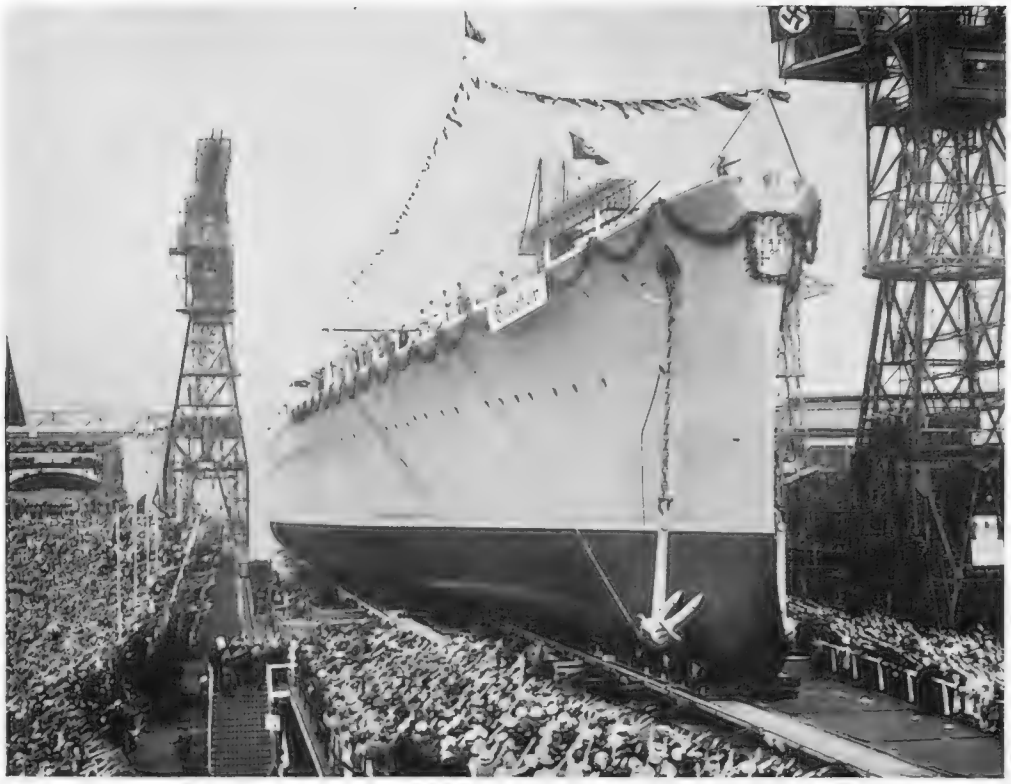
King Albert hoped to see 100,000 Belgian colonists in the Congo. At his death little more than a tenth of that number had materialised. Belgium counts but 15 whites for every 10,000 natives, against neighbouring Portugal's 111.

There is constant heart-searching here as unparalleled propaganda efforts are made to persuade more of the 8,000,000 in the homeland to venture out to Africa. Stress is laid on misconceptions as to climate and disease. There now occur but a dozen cases of plague, on an average, each year, while the dreaded tsetse fly attacks fewer than that number of whites in the same span. Dysentry led to three deaths in the last statistics. Malaria is steadily decreasing. People forget that it is only a generation since Laveran and Ross diagnosed its cause; in fact, the advance of medical science is positively making large parts of the Congo fit for whites of both sexes. The high plateaux of Katanga, Kivu, and Ituri resemble the South of France.

In general, and while moistly debilitating over big areas, the climate will permit European occupation—men only—in every quarter, provided fixed rules of health are respected. White women and children, of whom there are jointly 8,500 or roughly half the total white population, must remain in specific regions—Katanga, Lake Kivu and Stanleyville, Leopoldville. So successfully have Belgian women tuned in to the more temporate zones, which fortunately are also among the most important, that it is proposed to start a Colonial School in Brussels, where young Belgian women can learn very necessary ropes prior (it is hoped) to tugging out less venturesome, over-urbanised males to a new African existence.

MODERNITY IN ELISABETHVILLE: The handsome post office building in this town of Katanga Province, centre of the Congo's copper industry

EUROPEAN SURVEY



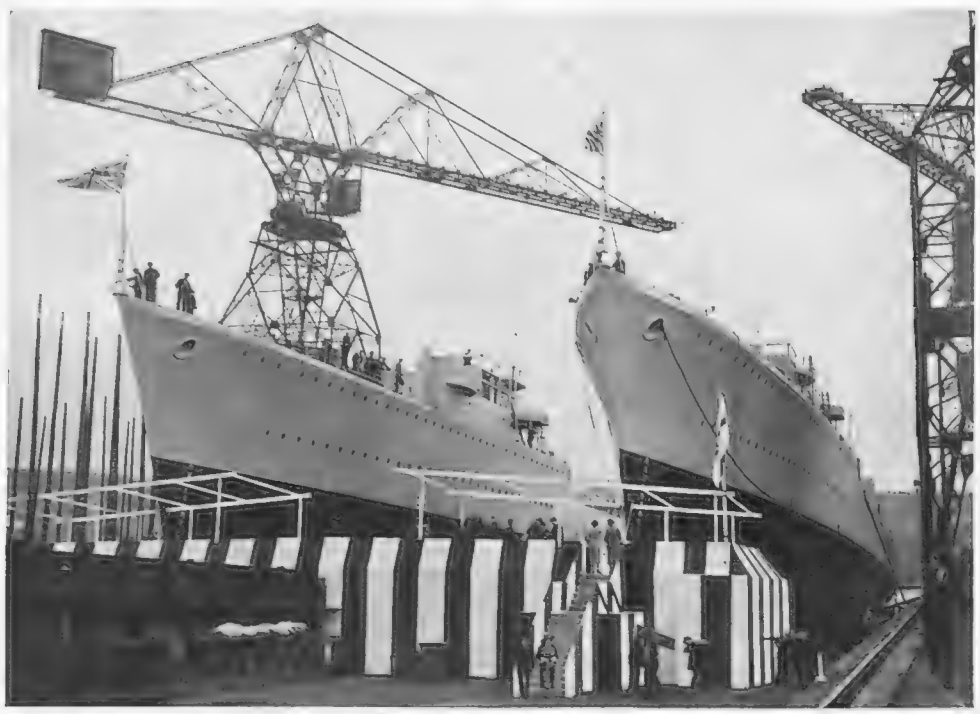
GERMANY'S LATEST ADDITION TO HER NAVY: The 10,000-ton cruiser *Blücher*, the second of her class and sister ship of the *Admiral Hipper*, going down the slipway at Kiel to the accompaniment of the enthusiastic cheers of those who gathered to watch the ceremony conducted by Frau Erdmann, widow of the captain of the wartime cruiser *Blücher*, sunk in the Dogger Bank action of 1915

AMSTERDAM WELCOMES THE DUTCH ROYAL FAMILY: Queen Wilhelmina standing on the palace balcony with Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard who were paying their first official visit to the city since their marriage

VIENNA'S DERBY DAY: There was a brilliant assembly on the Freudenau course when Dr. Schuschnigg (*left*), the Austrian Chancellor, and other notabilities, including President Miklas and several members of the Cabinet attended the meeting which was held in brilliant sunshine and was the occasion of the seventieth anniversary of the inauguration of this classic event. *Above*—Some striking fashions glimpsed in the paddock

YOUTH'S GREETING: A glimpse of some of the 13,000 children who thronged the approach to Amsterdam's palace to acclaim Queen Wilhelmina, the Crown Princess, and Prince Bernhard

FEELING RUNS HIGH IN THE BELGIAN CAPITAL: As a protest against the pardon about to be granted by the Chamber of Deputies to the Flemish Nationalists who attempted during the war to build up a separate Flemish State with the help of the German army of occupation, several hundred ex-service men recently went to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Brussels and, as depicted (*on left*), threw down their medals together with an inscription in the following terms—"Brother, those who will soon be with thee have come here to lay on thy grave the useless testimonials of their victory gained with so much vain suffering." At the same time a delegation went to the Speaker of the Senate and handed him a resolution protesting against the amnesty, while a speech made near the tomb, which is seen (*on right*) closely guarded after the incident, contained the phrase, "If the traitors are pardoned we will shoot them"



A DOUBLE LAUNCH ON THE TYNE: The two new Tribal class destroyers, *Afridi* (left) and *Cossack*, pictured as they stood on their slipways at Vickers-Armstrong's yard before taking the water within seven minutes of each other. The vessels' names have aroused a certain amount of criticism and it is undoubtedly rather curious that one should be called after an Afghan tribe which frequently snipes the outposts of our Indian Army and that the other should be reminiscent of Russia. "I cannot imagine," says a critic, "the Germans calling a new pocket battleship the Royal Scot"

What's in a Ship's Name?

The British Navy's Rather Haphazard Mode of Choice

AT a time when large numbers of warships are being built the question of their naming assumes a new importance. Who names the ships which wear the White Ensign? How are they named—and why? These are questions which puzzle many people, especially when, as not infrequently happens, a number of people are of the opinion that a name is ill-chosen or a ship ill-named.

Briefly, the system on which the ships of the Royal Navy are christened is of the hit-or-miss variety. There is such a thing as "Naming Committee" at the Admiralty—sometimes. It does not remain "in being" and it is, officially, quite unofficial. In other words, it has no power whatever. It can merely make tentative suggestions. These are forwarded to the Third Sea Lord, whose duty it is as "Controller" to lay the suggestions for names before the Board of Admiralty. When the Board has approved the suggestion, which has now become slightly more official, it is forwarded to the King for his approval. Technically, no ship of the Royal Navy can be given a name without the approval of the reigning Sovereign. In practice, however, this formality is waived except when it is a question of naming a large ship such as a battleship or heavy cruiser, or deciding upon the type of name which a class of ship shall be given.

Then at last the ship, from being a mere cipher on the stocks, is given a name. It may be a name rich in tradition in the Navy, the name of an English county or cathedral city, the name of a fish, bird, flower, or—just a mistake.

There have been several mistakes, particularly during the great war when Whitehall was in a bit of a flurry. The loyalty of a typist to the chairman of the Whitley Council, which was inquiring into conditions of service, led to a typical error. It had been decided that a new destroyer should be named after the town of Whitby. A typist in the Admiralty, obviously working with thoughts upon a possible rise of salary, typed it out as Whitley. The error was not discovered until all manner of documents and certificates had been drawn up, and the ship remains *Whitley* to this day.

Another error also seems to have been due to cupidity. A destroyer was to be named after the town of Stirling. It was typed as Sterling, and Sterling it remained; the ship having a sovereign as her badge.

Naturally, there are all manner of things to be considered when the name of a ship is being considered. Tradition counts; so do the claims of civic authorities. After all, the taxpayer has to pay for the ships. There is also the question of sailors' superstitions, and, to a lesser degree, the sailors' habit of giving nicknames to ships.

No sailor will ever willingly serve in a ship named after a reptile or after a female animal. A ship is always "she," but, while you may have a "Lion," you may not have a "Lioness." Another superstition is against a ship being named after a vessel which has met with disaster. There were many sailors who were horrified when the new Cunard liner was named *Queen Mary*. They shook their heads and recalled the terrible end of the battle-cruiser, *Queen Mary*.

The sailor's fondness for nicknames, many of them uncomplimentary, is often a thorn in the flesh of the naval authorities, although in many cases a nickname is given out of affection such as only a sailor can give to a ship. Such was the case with the *Iron Duke*, known on the lower deck as the "Tin Duck." Such was also the case with the squadron of old battleships which, during the war was known as "The Wobbly Eight." But quite recently the nicknaming habit led to the name of a ship being changed by the Admiralty. In 1933 there was completed a sloop which was to be one of a class named after seaside towns. Their Lordships decided that it should be named *Weston-super-Mare*. Many letters were written to the newspapers about it, but it was the sailor who got the name altered to plain *Weston*. To the sailor the name *Weston* always suggests Miss Agnes Weston, who did so much for his welfare, and H.M.S. *Weston-super-Mare* was promptly dubbed the "Aggie-on-horseback."

By no means all the names chosen for warships are suitable. There are good grounds for objection to the practice of giving ships names after persons, particularly when those persons, however illustrious they may have been, have never had anything to do with the Navy. Flowers also seem a curious basis for ships' names. Yet during the war a large class of sloops were called after flowers, the reason being that a distracted "Naming Committee" found inspiration in a seedsman's catalogue.

THE "LEDA" TAKES THE WATER: Britain's new minesweeper gliding down the slipway on the Clyde after being named by Mrs. Walter Elliot, wife of the Secretary for Scotland. As the vessel gathered speed an effigy of a swan was cast over the bows

Kenneth Edwards

World Warplane Strength

An American Estimate of the Figures —The Empire Takes Pride of Place

AMERICA has less axe to grind with regard to the relative armament strengths of European Powers than any other country. Placed as she is, materially at any rate, far from the mad rush of European air armament expansion, she can view developments over this side of the Atlantic much more dispassionately than can any of the interested Powers themselves. It stands to reason, therefore, that any authoritative review of the strengths of the air fleets of the world that may emanate from an American source is worthy of consideration.

Just such a review is that contained in the *Aircraft Year Book* which is published annually by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America. The editor of the 1937 edition, which has just been made available, computes the warplane strength of the leading Powers as follows:

	Jan. 1936	*Jan. 1937*
British Empire	3,600	4,000
France	3,400	3,600
U.S.S.R.	3,300	3,400
Italy	2,800	3,200
Germany	1,600	3,000
U.S.A.	1,900	2,200
Japan	1,800	2,000

The comparatively slight increase in the figures over the the last twelve months is explained by the fact that large numbers of new machines took the place of the old ones that had become obsolete and unsuitable for further service, and France, Italy, Germany, Russia and Japan, in particular, suffered considerable losses through novice pilots flying high-powered aircraft and crashing them.

Over the period under review, the French Air Force did not increase its quota of fighting aircraft. More bombing squadrons were established—the air arm has now 340 in service with 240 in reserve—and the large number of light bombers and armed reconnaisance machines maintained. It is estimated that there are 720 of these in service and 620 in reserve. The French air establishment now consists of 50,000 personnel and 4,000 pilots. By the end of this year it is planned to train a further 1,000 pilots and 9,000 personnel. Of the 1,500 machines which the Government hopes to produce during 1937 a large number will be fighting aircraft.

The amazing and sudden development of the German Air Force is mainly responsible for the contemporary drive for greater air strengths. It is well known that the German military air arm has jumped from a few hundreds of planes to its present strength within three years. England, France, and Russia have expanded their programme in order to maintain parity and, in turn, France's expansion has seriously embarrassed Italy's scheme. There is, however, one weak spot in Germany's plans. A serious lack of raw materials is suffered, and though German scientists and metallurgists are proving themselves astonishingly able at producing substitutes, there is no evidence that these are yet incorporated in Germany's military aircraft. The air force at the moment has available for immediate use 600 heavy bombers with about 1,000 in reserve, 300 light bombers and reconnaissance machines with 400 in reserve, and 300 fighters with 400 in reserve. A curious feature of the German situation is that, unlike other European countries, she offers to sell military planes abroad in large quantities and at low prices. Both Japan and South America have acquired large numbers of German machines.

Italy is showing considerable energy in training pilots and personnel. In January, 1936, there were 2,000 pilots and 20,000 other personnel, and these have now been increased to 3,600 pilots and 43,000 other ranks. The aim is to have at least 6,000 pilots available.

With regard to Soviet Russia, *The Aircraft Year Book* says: "Most mysterious of all air force programmes is that of the U.S.S.R., simply because in a country of Russia's size, with ample resources in raw materials and plenty of labour available, even the most grandiose scheme for expansion does not appear too impracticable."

At present Russia is striving to equal the combined strengths of Germany and Japan. Of the 3,400 warplanes that now form the Red Air Fleet, only about 1,200 are modern enough to be of any real value. There is a Russian naval arm with a strength of about 300 machines.

Like the U.S.A., Japan has two distinct air forces, one for the army and one for the navy. The army has 940 machines and the navy 480 with the fleet and 580 at shore stations. The 2,300 pilots and 22,000 personnel are evenly divided between the two forces. During the next eighteen months the thirty-two army squadrons are to be increased to thirty-eight and the forty naval squadrons to fifty-two.

In conclusion, the Editor of the *Year Book* refers to the favourable influence on research and design that these rearmament programmes are bound to exert to the benefit of each individual country. America may therefore be left behind in the general improvement of aircraft performance that will follow. He writes: "The fine performance of American planes, engines, airscrews and other equipment for several years has built up valuable markets among the non-industrial peoples of the earth. Will the U.S. be able to hold their own against the coming competition for these markets?"

Nigel Tangye

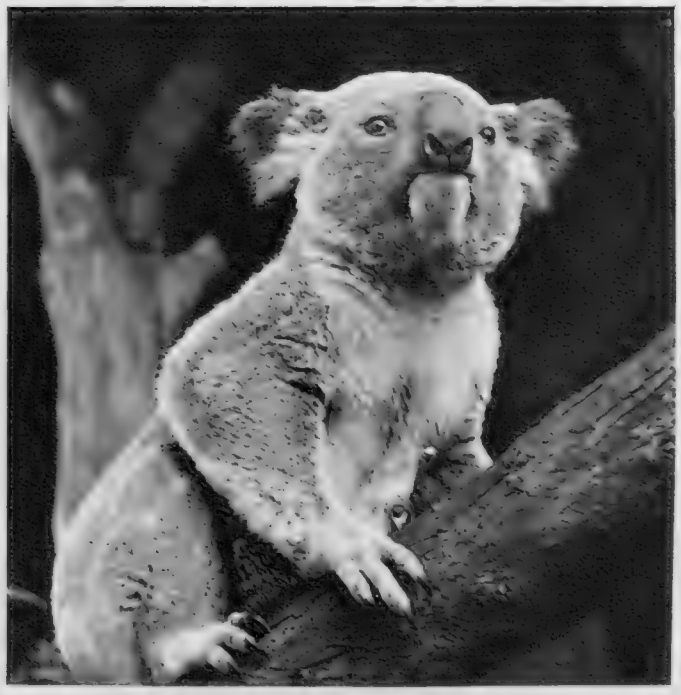
WHIPSNADE'S TIGER QUADS: Ranee's New Family is Five Weeks Old

PROLIFIC RANEE: The famous Whipsnade tigress with her four sturdy cubs who are now five weeks old and growing up into fine specimens. Tigresses do not as a rule breed successfully in captivity, but the Bedfordshire open-air zoo has been very fortunate in this direction, largely on account of the careful designing of the living quarters, which consist of a large enclosure and underground retiring chambers. For several years past Ranee has produced a family

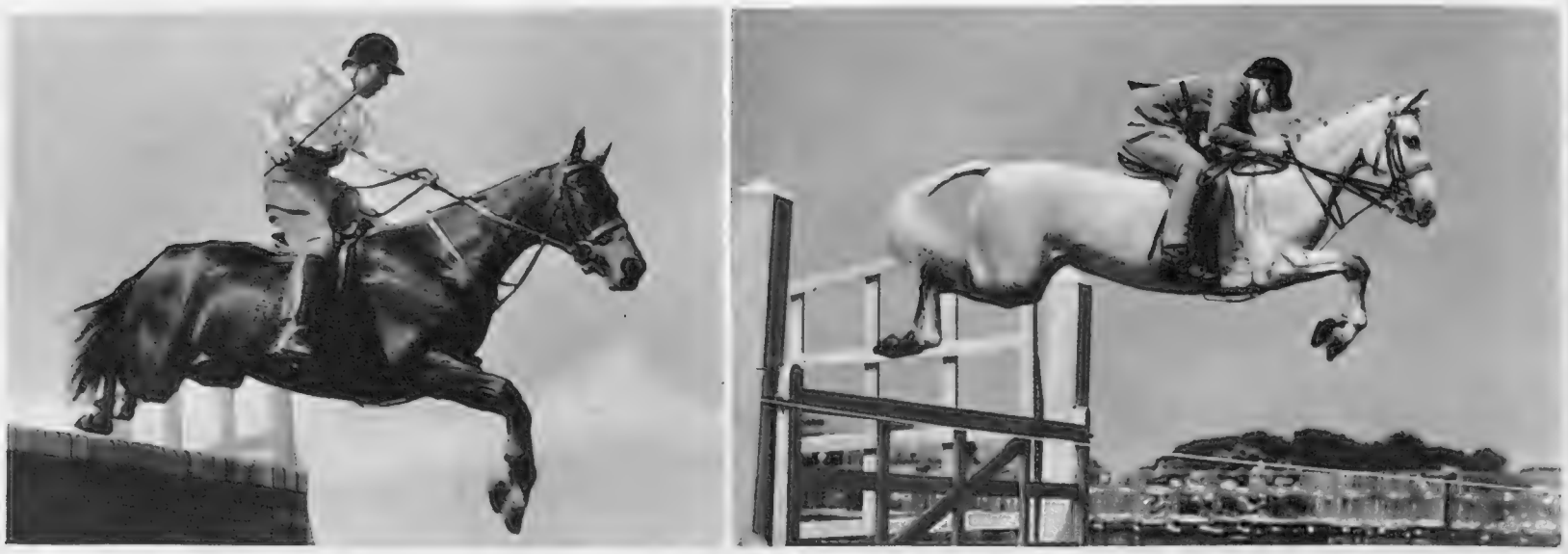
FOUR IN A ROW: Ranee's magnificent cubs posing for the camera when five weeks old. Temperamentally they are a curious mixture, and while some of the youngsters are very tame and will play with their keeper, the others, even at this stage, have all the natural ferocity of their species, permitting no liberties

THE OPOSSUM TAKES HIS MIDNIGHT MEAL: This nocturnal creature which, being of the Australian branch of the marsupial mammals, should rightly be called a phalanger, is much sought after by trappers in the Commonwealth, and if it were not for the State protection afforded it would have died out long ago

Australian Marsupials and the Threat to their Existence



FACING EXTINCTION: A new study of a koala, or Australian bear which, like the opossum, has declined in numbers by reason of the destruction to clear the land for farming purposes of so many eucalyptus trees, the leaves of which provide him with his only food. He is an engaging creature and his extinction would be a sad loss



YOUNGSTERS IN THE PIGSKIN: *Left*—Miss Gwynne Brill taking the wall on Brown Sugar when tying for first place in one of the junior jumping events at Richmond Royal Horse Show where many skilful child riders showed their paces. *Right*—Miss Tinkler taking the four-barred gate in brilliant style

THE COME-BACK OF THE HORSE

Riding More Than Ever a Popular Pastime, and its New Public: The Enthusiasm of the Younger Generation

TO-DAY, almost as it were by a miracle, the Horse is once again in the ascendant. A few years ago that "generous creature" seemed to be doomed. Tractors were chasing it from the field and motor cars from the roads. Hunting, the racecourse, and polo seemed to be the Horse's last hopes. Folks were speculating as to when, except in these highly specialised branches of sport, they would see a Horse at all. To such a low ebb of popularity did the Horse sink that even the International Horse Show was suspended.

How different is the tale to-day. The Horse has suddenly come into its own again. Never was there so much talk of Horse as there is now. All over the country there have sprung up riding schools and riding clubs. Thousands upon thousands of people have abandoned other pleasures and pastimes to take to the Horse. The International Horse Show at Olympia is looking forward to a record season. Its financial success is already guaranteed. It is "sold out" almost before it has begun. Why?

The answer is simple. The thanks are due, very largely, to the efforts, the patient but persistent efforts, through long years, of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club. The Institute has, in fact, produced a new public of horsemen and horsewomen who will as surely pack Olympia for years to come, to study style and finish in horsemanship as Wimbledon is packed by those who want to study form and style in tennis.

And at Olympia, to already practised horsemen, are added the members of the ever-growing pony clubs.

When the popularity of the International Horse Show began to wane the promoters looked round for "stunts." But "stunts" and sensational items did not pay. You cannot fill the International Horse Show except with lovers of the Horse any more than you could fill the Motor Show with people who have no interest in cars.

Let us therefore look for a moment at what is actually to be seen at Olympia. It is a good, serviceable programme—made up of competitive events to the glory of the Horse and rider, or of Horse and whip. None the less, it does provide "thrills," and this year there are thrills in plenty.

The main events, however, remain as before—riding horses and hacks; hunters, ladies' hunters; harness horses, harness ponies; and so on. The jumping should be better than ever. And in that class keep your eye on the Americans—as clean-built a lot of quiet riders on unfussed horses as you would wish to see.

For variety's sake there are such items as trade turn-outs, the mounted police from Imber Court—it is some years now since we saw them last—and the children's riding classes, especially the jumping. We have just seen what they could do at Richmond; they will do even better at Olympia. Presently we shall see how they now train them from the earliest years. The children are the horsemen and horsewomen of the future, and will be better in the saddle than we have been.

Then there are the coaches, a strong entry and one should be grateful to the Gunners and the Engineers who have done so much to keep them on the road.

Now as to the thrills. There are the Cossacks—guaranteed to be of the old Imperial breed. And well they may be, but I am willing to bet my shirt that what will continue to pull down the house are the lads from Canford. These lads really deserve a chapter to themselves—but that of course is out of the question.

After the war, there were instituted two great new public schools on novel lines. They had obviously, as institutions new in being, no traditions of themselves. The traditions came from the masters, Etonian, Wykhamist, and Harrovian, who staffed them. And both Canford and Stowe sprang up with the idea of the Horse. After all what is there more English than the Horse? Public school boys row at Henley, play cricket at Lord's, and shoot at Bisley. Why shouldn't they ride at Olympia? Well, Canford, has put them well on the Olympia map.

The Rev. C. B. Canning, Canford's headmaster, imported a couple of horses from Marlborough where he had been housemaster. A horseman by instinct and realising the vital combination of mind and body which only horsemanship can give, he desired to pass it on to his boys. He converted some old pig-sties into stables and started on.

The idea of the Horse caught on. Soon there were so many riding pupils that Mr. Canning had to appoint special instructors. There have been several, all of brilliant parts. To-day Captain P. R. Goldingham, formerly Equitation Officer to the R.A.S.C. and famous as a lecturer to pony clubs all over the country, is the man who at one stroke has made the horsemanship of Canford boys famous. Watch them at Olympia in their jodhpurs and blue jerseys as they go through their equestrian acrobatics; or in their white flannels and white vests as they do their vaulting. They can almost out-vault the Cossacks.

English public school boys in the ring at Olympia doing stunt riding tricks? Not at all—English public schoolboys demonstrating to wondering soldiers and intent hunting folk and entranced children, the development of a technique in balance, and nerve and horsemanship which is merely the outcome of true training. It is something altogether new.

But as the years go on now we are likely to see new developments each season at Olympia.

There is a new spirit abroad in respect of the Horse, a new spirit, which has been largely kindled by the remarkable vision and character of Brigadier General T. S. H. Marchant, that masterful Secretary of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, of which the Duke of Beaufort is the President.

The combination of anything so important as the Institute of the Horse with something so juvenile as pony clubs seems at first a little incongruous, but it is not nearly so incongruous as it sounds. The brief official wording as to the objects of the joint institutions is as brief and comprehensive as General Marchant himself. It reads

A CENTRE FOR AUTHORITATIVE INFORMATION, RESEARCH, AND PROPAGANDA.

In other words the Institute is determined to collect as much information as it can for the benefit not merely of the horseman of the present but for the horseman of the future. Thus the Pony Club grew out of the institution. General Marchant is nothing if not practical.

Now membership of the Institute of the Horse entitles you in return for an almost nominal subscription to many advantages. In particular it will act as your guide, philosopher and friend, in practically every matter relating to the Horse. From high matters such as breed and the law of the Horse down to the best way to take a holiday on horse-back.

For the Institution is not a crabbed and exclusive affair. It recognises frankly that the future of the aristocrat of the animal world depends upon its becoming a democratic institution and habit. It realises that there is a "boom" in horseflesh and in the interests of the Horse and of those to whom horseflesh is, as it were, the breath of life, and also their livelihood, the Institute is out to establish the Horse in popular favour.

There are endless bodies which look after the Horse as an industry—the Shire Horse Society, the Hunters' Improvement Society, and so on. But what the Horse wants to-day is general popularity and the Institute will see that it secures it.

If, therefore, you want the best advice as to your horseback holiday apply to the Institute. It will advise you as to kit and equipment, the roads to avoid, the bridle-paths to use, and above all the hotels at which you will be welcome. It has followed the example of the A.A. and the R.A.C. It has invented its own hotel sign. And where you see that sign hanging outside an hotel you will know that there is at least stabling for three.

Another of the Institute's objects is the training and certification of riding masters and mistresses. The mushroom growth of riding schools and riding clubs all over the country has resulted in many people going into the business who know little or nothing about horses. That is a dangerous matter.

The Institute therefore has established courses for the training of instructors. It keeps in close touch with Mounted Police Headquarters on technical matters, and by arrangement with the War Office has secured the assistance of the services of instructors at the School of Equitation at Weedon.

Slowly but surely the Institute is building up a large body of certificated instructors in whom naturally the general public will have immediate confidence, and in whose hands the horsemanship of the rising generation will lie. And here you see the fast binding link between the Institute and the pony clubs. It is on the maintenance and growth of the Pony Club that continued popularity of the horse will largely depend.

Now as to the Pony Club. Established in 1929 its membership of children already amounts to upwards of 11,000. Behind General Marchant's desk at the Institute there is a roller map. When he pulls it down for your inspection it can be seen at a glance how thorough is the organisation. It is virtually a map of the countries of the various hunts. The individual pony clubs lie within the countries of those hunts.

In each territory there is a Local Commissioner. And his duties are not light. In most cases he is a member of the hunt to which the Pony Club is attached. He has—as tactfully as he can—to see that the children are properly taught, first in riding and then as riders to hounds.

And as the result of his efforts the children count for much in the return of the Horse; and it is upon the children that the Institute relies for the permanent establishment of the Horse as a part of our national life.

The children will grow up, not merely with this desire to hunt during the season. Those who can afford it will crave hackneys or even coaches and look for honours during the period of the Shows. Others less ambitious, will realise what an asset is the Horse during summer days, the friend with whom one jogs in understanding across the moor, or the companion with whom one loiters through the woods, or camps beside a stream.

Horses take one from the roar of the highway to the peace of the countryside.

"My Kingdom for a Horse!" Naturally, because your kingdom *is* the Horse.

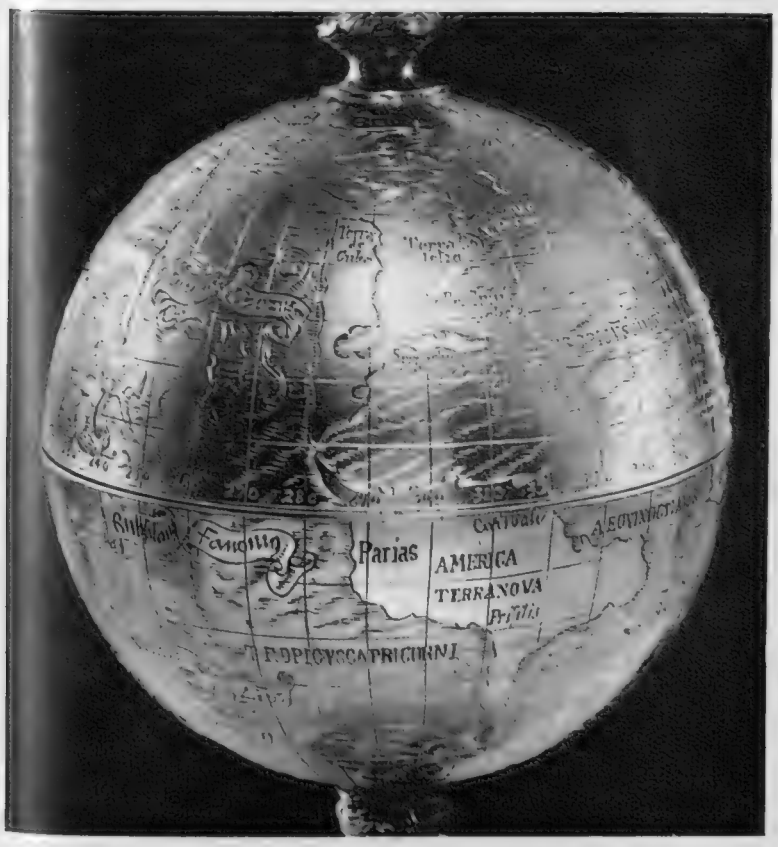
Edward Bradden

THE GREAT HALL AT "INISFADA": This raftered room in the home of Mrs. William J. Babington Macaulay at Manhasset, Long Island, New York State, was recently the scene of a public auction conducted by the American-Anderson Galleries, at which many rare examples of period furniture and furnishings were put up for sale. On the hall floor is an Ispahan carpet measuring 36 ft. in length, and dating from the 16th century, when the products of the old Persian capital were at the peak of their artistic excellence through the encouragement given to industry by Shah Abbas I, enlightened monarch of the Safavid dynasty. The Gothic tapestries on the walls are all museum pieces, while the Jacobean furniture is also notable

ART NEWS

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON is the theme of the carving on this Flemish oak chest of the 16th century included in the sale of Mrs. William J. Babington Macaulay's art treasures in her home at Inisfada, Manhasset, Long Island. *Below*—Three items from the Hanley Bronze and lustre dessert service belonging to Mrs. Macaulay and formerly in the possession of Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. Before that they formed part of the furnishings at Brighton Pavilion

An Important Furniture Sale at a Long Island Home—The Airthrey Gold Globe Cup—Warshawsky Paints a Fisherman's Bride



£1,700 FOR THE AIRTHREY GOLD GLOBE CUP: A detail of the fine example of sixteenth-century secular gold work which was sold last week at Sotheby's together with other objects of interest that were formerly the property of the late Donald Graham, of Airthrey Castle, Bridge of Allan. The cup consists of a terrestrial globe divided at the equator into two halves and the map engraved upon it is similar to that in the *Novus Orbis* published in 1532

HAILED IN HIS OWN COUNTRY: This remarkable portrait entitled "The Fisherman's Bride" is the work of Alexander Warshawsky, the gifted American painter, and it so captured the imagination of a "Sphere" reader when shown recently in El Paso, Texas, that he was prompted to send us a print together with a short appreciation of Warshawsky's art. "Here the elegance of the Renaissance," he says, "is blent with the modern spirit, and while there is abundant evidence of wide familiarity with the world's finest paintings, the technique is none the less individual. The painting of this Breton girl was executed when her fisherman husband had gone to sea for the first time after their marriage, and on her face is clearly written the realisation that the prospect of his failing to return from one of his voyagings is something that she will have to face until the end of her days." Warshawsky was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and after many years spent in Paris, where his art came to its full maturity, returned to the United States and went to live in Los Angeles, his present home

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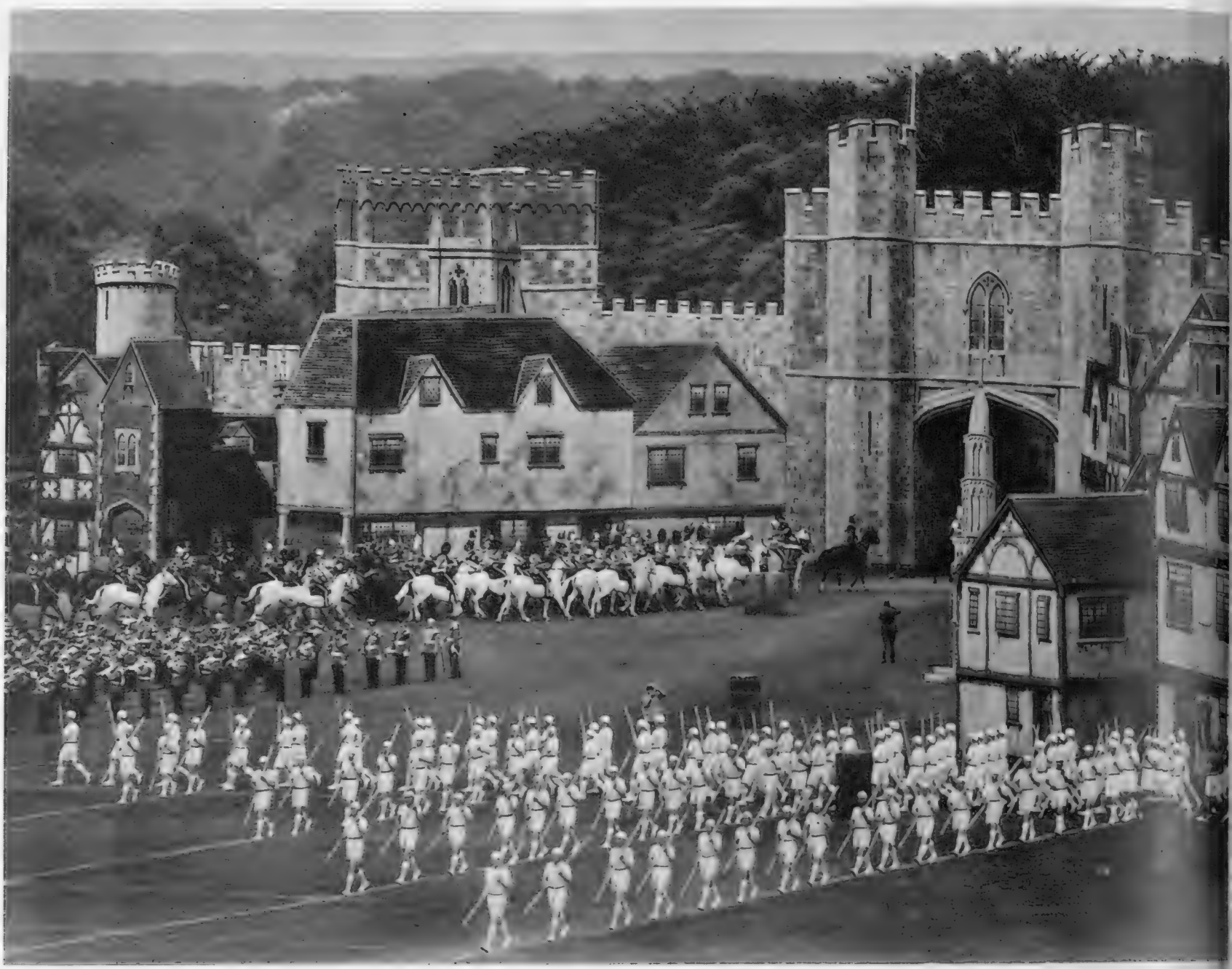


IN RUSHMOOR'S GRASSY ARENA

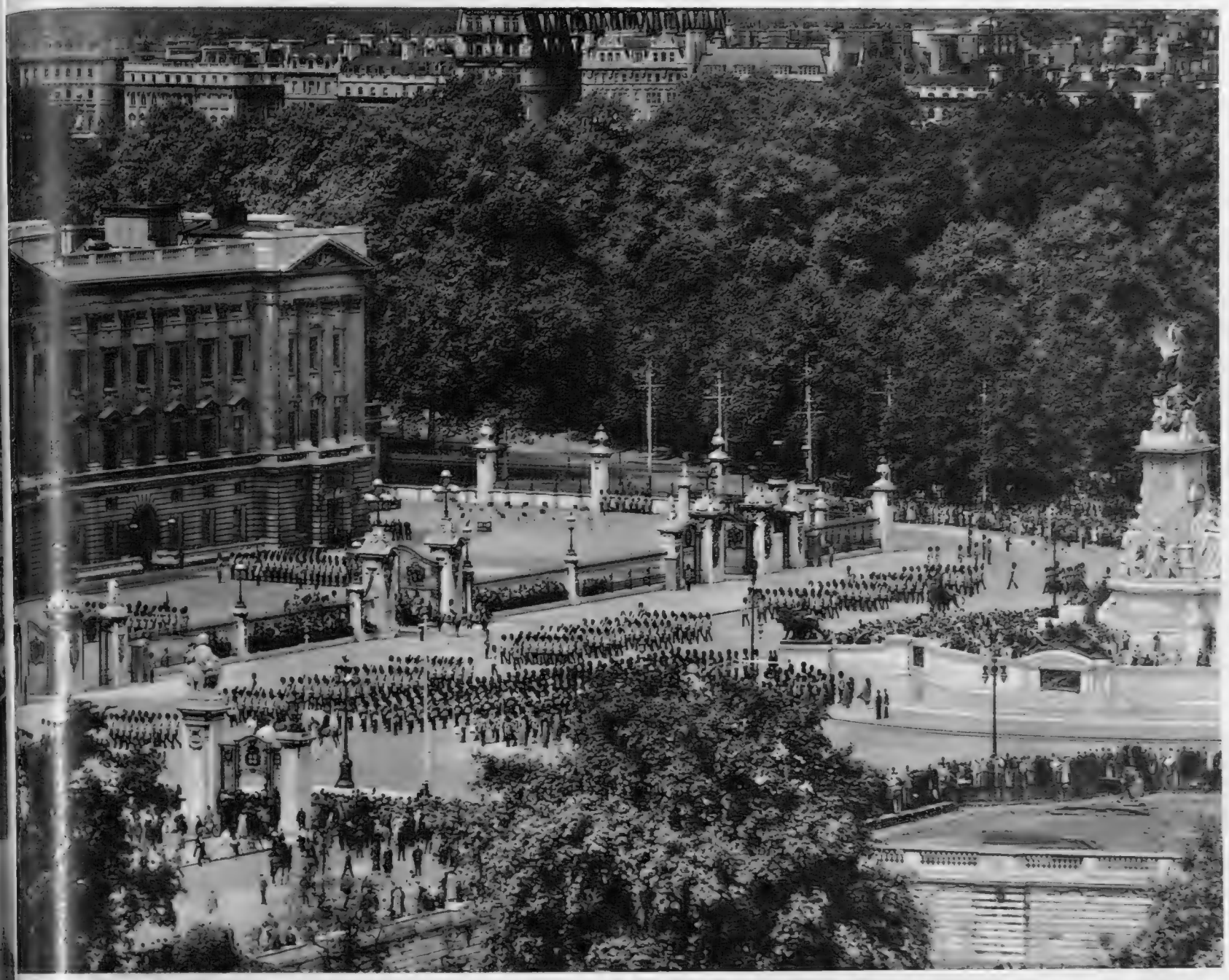
Cavalry making their exit and members of the Physical Training Corps entering during last week's daylight, full dress rehearsal of the Aldershot Tattoo watched by the Queen, the Princesses, and thousands of schoolchildren

ASCOT IN 1907: Thirty years ago, in the days of Edward VII, the fashion parade at the royal meeting was characterised by dresses still having a distinct affinity with the Victorian era, but before long, as the picture on the opposite page shows, great changes were to come about

On right—ON THE BANKS OF THE BACKS: Undergraduates listening to the harmonies of the Cambridge Madrigal Society who the other evening gave a broadcast concert from punts beneath the arches of King's College bridge

THE SUMMER SEASON PAST AND PRESENT

The King Reviews the Guards—Aldershot's Tattoo—What They Wore at Ascot Twenty-five and Thirty Years Ago



The brilliant scene round the Victoria Memorial as the Coldstream, Grenadier, Welsh, and Scots Guards marched past the King following the Trooping the Colour ceremony last week

THE PALACE MARCH-PAST

In this drawing, first published in "The Sphere" of 1912, Fortunino Matania revealed the French influence that had begun to have such a marked effect upon English fashions, striking a much brighter note than had hitherto prevailed

ASCOT 1912

"YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER" AT THE ST. JAMES'S: *Left*—Ann Murray (Sybil Thorndike) once again meets Titus Jaywood (Leon Quartermaine) who is now a prosperous literary agent but with whom in their younger days she had her full share of romance. *Right*—Constance Nevins (Margaret Bannerman), the man-hunting aunt just emerged from her third divorce, has a host of good lines in this sparkling comedy by Mark Reed which has been proving such a great success in New York and has now been adapted to the English stage and provided with an English setting by Rodney Ackland

MR. KENETH KENT in *To Have and to Hold*, Mr. Lionel Brown's new play at the Haymarket, spends the first part in hunting pink, the second hobbling on two sticks in a bad temper, and the third in an invalid's chair and a better temper. From this the most superficial student of things in general would deduce that Mr. Kent (in the person of one Brian, a wealthy and active business man) had an accident in the hunting field, became a cripple and, glowing with the prospect of a happy ending, later improved so much in health that some doctor pronounced the possibility of a complete recovery in the near future. He would be wrong.

The hardened theatre-goer, on the other hand, seeing from the programme that Brian had a wife and, knowing by long experience what happens on the stage to husbands who have sudden spine injuries, would tell you at once that the wife had a lover with whom she was about to bolt, but that the accident kept her a good woman . . . "No, darling; he is so helpless—so pathetic. I cannot leave him now. You *must* understand . . . it would be so cruel, so pi-ti-less-ly cruel of me . . . so cruel." And the lovers would indulge in Noble Renunciation and everyone concerned would live rather unhappily ever after. He, again, would be wrong, but a good deal nearer the mark.

BUDDING ROYAL ROMANCE: The twenty-year-old Queen Victoria (Pamela Stanley) and the handsome Prince Albert (Carl Esmond) meet for the first time at Windsor Castle. One of the scenes from Laurence Housman's *Victoria Regina* which is to be presented at the Lyric on June 21

For, although the lover was there as large as life and played in life-like fashion by Mr. Hartley Power, there was no renunciation. The crippled husband found out, and himself won the nobility stakes by looking facts in the face and by deciding not to be selfish but to become the only type of *mari complaisant* tolerable in any form of society. Matters had been brought to a head by the appearance of the lover's young daughter, who behaved as the compleat prig, yet, in some strange fashion, was not one, which was due both to the way the part was written and to the charming and intelligent way in which Miss Dorothy Hyson played it.

In short, this is a natural and intelligent piece, not, perhaps, of vast originality but with a pleasantly new flavour about it simply because it has a sense of the theatre without any excessive theatricality. I believe that a man in the position Mr. Kent (a very fine performance) found himself in this play would behave just like that and not like crippled stage husbands are invariably made to behave. I believe that the young girl of 1937, confronted by a similar set of circumstances, would say exactly the things Miss Hyson was made to say and would not comport herself like a sentimental nincompoop.

Miss Marie Ney had only to be easy and well bred, in which this clever actress found, of course, no difficulty; but the part has been drawn much too vaguely, and this woman—June by name and belonging to the hunting set—did not give me the impression of being capable of caring a dam for any man, crippled or otherwise. I thought, by the way, only actresses were called June, yet the atmosphere of this play is essentially horse and hound. But then, I have never been to Melton Mowbray, and for aught I know Leicestershire may be stuffed with Junes. Which also makes me incapable of judging the correctness of the huntin' heartiness of Mr. Basil Radford and Miss Mignon O'Doherty. But I do know that they were both amusin'.

"Prince Igor."—An international season of opera had better make up its mind to live up to its name. It certainly did so at Covent Garden the other night in the case of *Prince Igor*. Here was a Russian opera, sung in French, with an Englishman in the title-role, another Englishman conducting, a prima-donna of (to me) uncertain nationality and still more uncertain tonality, an Italian tenor and baritone, a few Russian singers, a Scots stage director, and an English chorus, the whole topped off with some dancing by Col. de Basil's Russian Ballet, making their first appearance of the season.

Whether the opera was used merely as a frame for the ballet, or the ballet was intended to be regarded as the sugar icing on top of the opera—decorative and sweet but not essential—I could not gather. Since the dancers were taken out of their original position in the scheme of things and dumped down somewhere else, where they put the whole story out of gear, I suspect the former. Anyway, this ballet episode, although so familiar, was the high spot of the evening, not only because it was danced with the usual brilliant vigour, but because the operatic section seemed on this occasion rather a turgid business. This was not the fault of Mr. Eugene Goossens, who conducted and secured some fine orchestral playing and some really first-class chorus singing. Nor of Mr. Dennis Noble, the Prince Igor, who sang and acted with plenty of authority. Nor of Signor Burdino and Signor Benasconi.

FOLLOWING IN MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS: Ellen Murray (Jessica Tandy) perturbs her once gay but now inclined to be staid mamma by involving herself in the same romantic entanglement as her parent did in the gay 'nineties, and it is the latter's reaction to this that provides the big scene in *Yes, My Darling Daughter*, the aptly-named new play at the St. James's

But the singing of certain other of the principals was lamentably disappointing, the lady who took the part of the Princess making such odd noises that in all charity I hope I am right in supposing she had a cold. And then *Prince Igor* itself is an uneven work, much of it rather dull. The persistent idiom of so many of these Russian composers is apt soon to grow monotonous. The nationalistic sauce, strong as it is, cannot always conceal the poverty of some of the thematic material. In other words shoddy tunes are none the better being dressed *à la Russe*. They remain shoddy however they are dressed.

And, merciful Heavens, how bored I am with that stock figure of Russian opera—the drunken or nitwitted peasant!

"You Only Live Once" (film).—When I read on the walls of the London Pavilion, amid many highly-coloured eulogistic phrases that the film, *You Only Live Once*, had been directed

STAGE AND SCREEN

Marie Ney in a Good Play at the Haymarket: A Disappointment at Covent Garden: When James I "Double-crossed" Raleigh

Reviewed by Philip Page

by one Fritz "Fury" Lang, I fell to wondering exactly why Fritz was furious. He cannot have been furious at the ungrammatical title—in a film in which everything is obvious the most obvious thing is that *You Live Only Once* was intended—for in his capacity as director the furious Fritz would, I imagine, have been sufficiently powerful to change it.

After a few minutes of the film itself one sympathises with the producer's anger, since he has had to deal with as exasperating a set of characters as I have ever met on the screen. Off the screen they, fortunately, could not exist at all.

The protagonist is a convict, and therefore, intended from the start to be a sympathetic character, the convict in these days being regarded, in fact as well as fiction, as an heroic and even a hallowed figure as a matter of course. I was surprised that this one was made to risk losing the sympathy of the audience by trying to go straight for a bit. But his past record of crime was too murky to make the risk a serious one, and he was soon sentenced to the electric chair with every evidence of deserving it. In case this should not render him sufficiently admirable, he is made to escape and to kill during that process a parson who was guilty of no crime save that of having tried to help him and of being a good sort generally.

The convict's life was cut short at an age when a film star is in the heyday of his good looks (and Mr. Henry Fonda has plenty of those); fortunately the title was upheld in that he did not come to life again. Miss Sylvia Sidney played with pathetic charm the part of the wife who stuck to him through what is usually termed thick and thin. Which brings me to my point that this little yarn is on the thin side when it is not a bit too thick. The keynote of the whole production seems to have been a straining after suspense. Every means towards that end has been applied, with the result that they cancel each other out. If we must revert to the apotheosis of gangsterdom it must be done better than this.

"The King's Pirate."—

From a dull play about false kings of France we have passed to a not so dull play about a real King of England. And a mighty unpleasant King. There may have been nastier examples of the Lord's anointed than James I of England (and James VI of Scotland), but I doubt it. He is the central figure of *The King's Pirate* at the St. Martin's Theatre, an historical play which is content to stick to history even if the dramatic possibilities here are not extensive nor, at that, fully exploited. I have said that this is not a dull play. Yet I fancy that it might be dull were it not for His Majesty and for the eerily clever way in which Mr. Wilfrid Lawson plays him.

James is seen "double-crossing" Raleigh, letting him out of the Tower to lead an expedition to Guiana and then letting him down by scheming with the Spaniards behind his back. So Raleigh, as we know, failed and was condemned to death. Mr. Wyndham Goldie, as Raleigh, "the King's pirate," was rather, like Smee, a Nonconformist pirate though; also like Smee, lovable enough, particularly in the last scene in his cell. It was curious to find at this point the only vestiges of humour, due to the ministrations of the Dean of Westminster (Mr. Aubrey Dexter) who might have stepped straight out of the pages of Anthony Trollope.

I had pictured a stronger and less Parnellish Raleigh. It was the fault of the part and not of the actor that Mr. Goldie was overwhelmed in every sense by the King. Mr. Lawson's picture of that shrewd, scheming, dirty, untidy, and wholly beastly monarch is brilliant in its nightmarish power.

IN THE DAYS OF FRILLS AND FURBELOWS: Viviane Romance plays the part of Gaby, the German spy's friend, in the new French film, *Mademoiselle le Doctor*, directed by G. W. Pabst, the clever German technician who made such a hit with *The White Hell of Piz Palu*, *Kameradschaft*, and other pictures

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT AT THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY: Their Royal Highnesses with Noel Coward who received them in his capacity as President of the Actors' Orphanage and who in this picture looks a trifle pensive as he contemplates the task of guiding the distinguished visitors through the vast crowd surrounding them on their arrival. Fortunately for the success of the party, a spell of rain gave way to an afternoon of real June splendour and the numbers present were well up to the average of recent years

THEY ALSO SERVED: As usual all the theatrical celebrities did their bit at the Garden Party held last week in Queen Mary's Gardens, Regent's Park. Jane Baxter (*left*) was one of the leading lights at the "George and Margaret" Champagne Milk Bar, Enid Stamp-Taylor (*centre*) put in some enthusiastic work at the Max Factor Make-Up Studio, while Margaret Rawlings (*right*), looking charming in a black frock with frilled organdie collar, shouted big business from the door of the roulette and cocktails tent

THE FATE OF MORTE POINT HANGS IN THE BALANCE

Sir John Siddeley Purchases Kenilworth Castle and Hands it Over to His Majesty's Office of Works

£1,000 NEEDED TO PRESERVE A NORTH DEVON BEAUTY SPOT: An impression of Morte Point (seen in the background), on one of the most glorious reaches of Britain's coast, which has for many years past been the property of the National Trust but has recently come into the news again with the announcement that 30 acres immediately adjoining and constituting the main approach to the Point were threatened with building development. For the time being the situation has been saved, but if this vital piece of land is to become the property of the nation £1,000 must be provided by members of the public. The place is wild, yet easily accessible, and the thousands who walk there do not oust the raven and buzzard that make it their nesting place

WARWICKSHIRE'S FAMED STRONGHOLD FOR THE NATION: An aerial view of Kenilworth Castle which has been purchased by Sir John Siddeley who has generously offered to hand it over to the Office of Works and to place at that department's disposal a considerable sum of money to be expended on repairing and consolidating the masonry. Kenilworth, renowned for its associations with Robert Dudley, his ill-fated wife, Amy Robsart, and Queen Elizabeth, came into being in the twelfth century and part of the earliest building on the site, known as Caesar's Tower, still stands. King John and King Henry III spent large sums in making additions, and it is from their reigns that the wall-towers date

ROYALTY and the SOCIAL ROUND

TWO QUEENS DRIVE BY: Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, accompanied by the little Princesses, as they arrived on the Horse Guards Parade in their open landau drawn by two greys to witness the Trooping the Colour in celebration of the King's birthday. It was the first time at this event that ladies of the Royal Family had made a frontal approach to their seats

"STANLEY" was the name given to this child born at Clapton Mothers' Hospital and seen here in the arms of Countess Baldwin during her visit to the place to open the new wing

NIPPON IN LONDON: The Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Chichibu, sister-in-law of Emperor Hirohito and representative of her country at the Coronation, pictured on the steps of Grove House, Regent's Park, during the garden party given by the Japan Society, whose president, the Japanese Ambassador acted as host. Prince Chichibu, who was the guest of honour, will shortly be celebrating his 35th birthday

WEDDING BELLS AT ST. MARGARET'S: Two of the little pages and a maid of honour who formed part of the bridal retinue of twenty at the marriage of Mr. Antony Norman, son of Sir Henry Norman, and Miss Anne Watson-Hughes

PICKWICKIAN STYLES AT AN OUT-OF-TOWN WEDDING: The Master of Carnegie, Sally Colville, the Hon. Patrick Westenra, Felicia Lamb, Viscount Stormont (son of the Earl of Mansfield), and Diana Slessor were the picturesquely clad child-attendants at the marriage at Heston Parish Church of Mr Alexander Elliot and Lady Ann Child-Villiers, younger daughter of the late Earl of Jersey and of Lady Cynthia Slessor

SIMLA HORSE SHOW

And a Big Day on Ranelagh's Lawns

IN INDIA'S SUMMER CAPITAL: Lady Doreen Hope, youngest of the three daughters of the Marquess of Linlithgow, Viceroy of India, took part in several of the events at Simla Horse Show, a popular annual event

SAILORS IN THE SADDLE: The Duchess of Gloucester presenting the trophy to Lord Louis Mountbatten after the Navy Team had beaten the R.A.F. team, for which the Duke of Gloucester played, in the Duke of York's Cup at Ranelagh

BRAVING THE MID-DAY SUN: Captain Cassels, his wife Mrs. Joyce Cassels, and his mother Lady Cassels wife of General Sir Robert Cassels, Commander-in-Chief in India, were among the many notabilities at Simla Show

PACK MULES ON PARADE

The winning pair, representing the 3rd Light Battery, after their success in one of the events at Simla Horse Show

DOWN *to the* SEA *on* SLIPS: *Launching Activity in Britain's Chief Shipbuilding Yards*

A NEW P. AND O. LINER NEARS COMPLETION: The twin-screw steamer, *Stratheden*, which will have a gross tonnage of 24,000 and when ready will go into service between England, India, and Australia, being taken in tow after being named by the Duchess of Buccleuch and launched from Vickers-Armstrong's Naval Construction yard at Barrow where there is considerable activity just now. The vessel is built on much the same luxurious lines as the other liners of the "Strath" class, and has a sister ship, the *Strathallan*, almost ready to leave the stocks. The P. and O. Company and its associate concerns are pursuing a big expansion policy and at the moment have nearly 100,000 tons under construction at a cost of £4,250,000

STOCKS AT A PREMIUM: No sooner had the Ellerman cargo steamer *City of Capetown* (seen on the Mersey in background) been launched from this slipway at the Birkenhead yard of Messrs. Cammell Laird and Company than workmen set about laying the keel plates of yet another new Ellerman vessel.

A LAUNCH ON THE THAMES: The motor vessel, *Claycarrier*, about to enter the water from the North Woolwich yards of Harland and Wolff, where she is being built and fitted out for the lighterage department of Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd. When completed she will be employed in the coastal trade, carrying at each trip 1,000 tons of slurry (a mixture of clay and water) between Cliffe and Greenhithe. A four-cylinder Diesel provides the power

The WORLD of BOOKS

E. M. Delafield's Anthology of Victorian Manners and Modes Makes Bright Reading: Tom Clarke Discovers that Melbourne Barmaids are a Dying Race

By VERNON FANE

JOHN MOORE DESERTS THE COUNTRYSIDE: This young novelist, whose intimate knowledge of the Cotswolds he has turned to good account in several of his previous books, makes flying the theme of his latest work, *Clouds of Glory*, which has just been published by Dents and tells the story of two aviators who seek fresh publicity by flying round the world in opposite directions. The author has lately become an enthusiastic airman himself and now has an "A" licence

THIS year, as our book lists are continually reminding us, marks the centenary of Queen Victoria's accession, and the Victorian age, both early and late, is the fashionable subject of reminiscence.

Miss E. M. Delafield (this must have been a busy summer for her), has brought out another book, this time a kind of anthology of manners and modes in the last century. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN VICTORIAN FICTION (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.) is a scrap book with all too few illustrations, and made up for the most part of quotations from the works of contemporary authors, with wise and witty comments from Miss Delafield.

Charlotte M. Yonge, the most prolific of all those authors since "she wrote steadily from 1844 to 1901," is responsible for most of the material, and in all the sections, on governesses, on parental authority, on entertainment, and on enjoying ill-health, she is the best possible authority. *The Heir of Redclyffe* alone is a rich enough field to anyone doing this kind of research.

There are several things that strike one about this retrospective collection, apart from the faint sense of incredulity in the era as an historical fact. First there is the vast difference in the relations of children and parents. Fathers in those days, or at least the fathers of fiction, and they must be some indication, governed entirely by fear, and mothers by playing on that fear and by a kind of morbid piety. Dreadful things were foretold for the disobedient child, and painful deaths for naughty boys and girls were a story-teller's commonplace.

Nowadays, as Miss Delafield writes, "Personal relations . . . have become simpler by becoming more honest . . . The children, when at home, live in the society of their parents. What was once known as the children's hour now extends handsomely into the twenty-four," and adds pensively, "The present writer has sometimes wondered how far this state of affairs really constitutes progress."

Fashions, in their genteel way, were extreme. Young girls wore iron stays so tight that they fainted, crinolines were built out on immense contraptions of wood and wire, dresses were trimmed within an inch of their lives with braid and buttons, and frills and shawls and ribbons and flowers abounded.

Conversely, entertaining was on a far plainer scale. There was more food, perhaps, but less variety, and the dismal musical evenings and parlour games provoke a yawn even at this distance in time. "Is this a party of pleasure, mama?" from one of Miss Edgeworth's young heroines is a question that deserves to rank as a classic one.

Conventions were then obeyed; the fictional ones of ill-health and excessive modesty of speech, and the more actual ones of the woman's submission to the man's unquestioned authority, for "they were expected to acknowledge in thought, word, and deed, the superiority of man." There were, of course, exceptions such as that delightful girl of whom Miss Yonge wrote: "Nobody had spoken to Wilmet with authority since her fifteenth year, and she did not recognise the sound."

This book is far more than a paste-and-scissors collection. It is amusing, provocative, sly, and full of good things. I have a feeling that Miss Delafield enjoyed herself very much over its compiling.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH TOM CLARKE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is a journey quickly made, briskly told, and to be read at a pace which will allow one to admire Mr. Clarke's powers of observation, but not to ponder his conclusions.

Mr. Tom Clarke is nowadays Director of Practical Journalism at London University, which I feel sure must be a heaven-sent job to an ex-editor, and the world trip that he describes was made in a long vacation. Mr. Clarke travelled first class, and gives his reasons, telling a story "to show that there are some people who, for one reason or another, prefer to travel third-class. I don't."

The journey took him from London to Tangier, through the Suez Canal (Mr. Clarke liked Port Said, which shows an almost alarming originality), to India and on to Ceylon. Like a true reporter, which is the author's own description of himself, he encouraged others to talk and listened to them. In Bombay he heard, and recorded the views of Hindu taxi-drivers and Calcutta J.Ps, in Ceylon of Sinhalese statesmen.

Australia, the next stop, yielded a Lancashire train conductor, Don Bradman, and the Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, and the wistful observation that Melbourne barmaids are a dying race. In New Zealand Mr. Clarke noted the Left trend of politics, in Fiji the dullness of the life from a woman's point of view. San Francisco and Hollywood were briefly visited, with Aubrey Smith as cicerone on a tour of the studios; then Mr. Clarke took to the train and shot, or so it seems, across the continent to Chicago, where he spent a good two-and-a-half hours and learnt the magic word "boon-doggling."

In New York Mr. Clarke had the opportunity of comparing American methods for "budding journalists" with his own course in London, and of visiting Broadway and Harlem night clubs. Soon he was off again and the journey ends in London, where the whirlwind traveller sits down to review his impressions, to decide on the places which had given him the most pleasure, and to work out, very reasonably, his travel expenses.

It is a travel book that could only have been written by a newspaperman, since only a born reporter could have had the necessary stamina and alertness to compete with the pace. An artist's reactions to such a tour would have been through his eyes; Mr. Clarke's were through his ears.

If you have never suffered from sea fever; if, on the contrary, you feel ill at the mere sight of a small open boat; if the less articulate sons of the sea are, via fiction, your greatest bugbear, you might still enjoy SALLY LUNN (Collins. 7s. 6d.), which is a novel dealing with all these phenomena. It is to be published on July 1.

For one thing Mr. Leo Walmsley writes without the affectations of dialect which is always apt, unless supremely well done, to be a little confusing. His characters, except for the purely technical terms of their profession, use the English we all know and do not lead us knee-deep into the unruly tangle of local idiom. In other words, we know what they are talking about and that is a great help.

Mr. Walmsley has chosen his favourite background of Bramblewick, a little north country fishing village, which the decline of the fishing trade has brought to the verge of ruin. As before, the two rival families, Lunns and Fosdycks, dispute what little business there is, and as before, the contest of the young with the older generation is the main theme of the book.

Burnharbour, the bigger fishing port some miles along the coast, offers a better living than little Bramblewick, and at the opening of the story young Marney Lunn is trying to persuade his father and mother to give up their cottage and move there. He also plans to buy a bigger and more serviceable boat with an efficient engine. By the end of the story he has succeeded in moving his family and in getting the boat.

In bare outline that is the extent of the story, but it gives no hint of the drama that is its very essence. The scenes of the sea, the dour but at the same time friendly home life, the implicit sense of comradeship between the men, the power of the quiet women that run their homes and knit their guernseys, the perception of their life which can only be conveyed by that over-worked word, atmosphere.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PHILIP ALLAN.—NAPOLEON AND TALLEYRAND. By Emile Dard. Translated by C. R. Turner. 21s. BLACKWELL.—LONDON RECALLED. By E. Beresford Chancellor. Illustrations by W. Alister Macdonald. £2 2s. GEOFFREY BLES.—COURTESAN PRINCESS CATHERINE GRAND, PRINCESSE DE TALLEYRAND. By Annette Joelson. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. FIRST MOVEMENT. By Mark Grossek. 9s. JONATHAN CAPE.—BRITAIN FACES GERMANY. By A. L. Kennedy. 5s. CASSELL.—THE CRUSADE: The World's Debate. By Hilaire Belloc. 12s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—I WAS A PROBATIONER. By Corinne Johnson Kern. 10s. 6d. COLLINS.—SALLY LUNN. By Leo Walmsley. 7s. 6d. CRESSET PRESS.—BALLET-HOO. By Nicolas Bentley. Illustrated. 5s. DENT.—LOIS IN LOVE. By Lewis Gibbs. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—FOOTNOTES TO THE FILM. Edited by Charles Davey. Illustrated. 18s. DUCKWORTH.—EVER THE WINDS BLOW. By Elliott Merrick. 8s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—WOMEN MUST CHOOSE: The Position of Women in Europe To-Day. By Hilary Newitt. Preface by Storm Jameson. 7s. 6d. HITLER'S CONSPIRACY AGAINST PEACE. By S. Erckner. 6s. THE POST-WAR HISTORY OF THE BRITISH WORKING CLASS, 1918-1937. By Allen Hutt. 6s. OUT OF ORDER: An Asey Mayo Mystery. By Phœbe Atwood Taylor. 7s. 6d. THE AFFAIR OF THE SCARLET CRAB. By Clifford Knight. 7s. 6d. TWO THOUSAND MILLION MAN-POWER. By G. E. Trevelyan. 7s. 6d. CRADLE OF LIFE. By Louis Adamic. 8s. 6d. SWASTIKA LIGHT. By Murray Constantine. 7s. 6d. THE CRIMSON HAIR MURDERS. By Darwin and Hildegarde Teilhet. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON.—NO LORDS OR LADIES. By D. M. Locke. 7s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—THE LOST CITY FILIPINO, FACT AND FANCY. By René Jouglet. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THE LATE GEORGE APLEY. By John P. Marquand. 7s. 6d. LEISURE FOR LIVING. By Nelle M. Scanlan. 7s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON—THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE. By Norman Angell. 6s. HARRAP.—TRIUMPHANT PILGRIMAGE: AN ENGLISH MUSLIM'S JOURNEY FROM SARAWAK TO MECCA. By Owen Rutter. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—BASIC PHYSICAL TRAINING. By Margaret Morris. 10s. 6d. AT LAST THE ISLAND. By Margaret Lane. 7s. 6d.

(Continued on right)

A CELEBRITY ON THE SEAS: Ernest Hemingway, of *Farewell to Arms* fame, pictured in the *Normandie* during a recent trip. He is undoubtedly the most outstanding of America's younger writers, and his highly individual technique of studied simplicity is one that some of his fellow authors are following with obvious advantage

HODDER & STOUGHTON.—THE LAKE COUNTRIES — CUMBERLAND, WESTMORLAND. Edited by Arthur Mee. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. VICTORIA FOUR-THIRTY. By Cecil Roberts. 7s. 6d. JARROLDS.—LEON BLUM FROM POET TO PREMIER. By Richard L. Stokes. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. MACLEHOSE.—ENGLAND UNDER TRUST. By J. Dixon-Scott. Foreword by G. M. Trevelyan. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—BONAPARTE: Governor of Egypt. By F. Charles-Roux. Translated from the French. By E. W. Dickes. Illustrated. 16s. COMPANION INTO LAKELAND. By Maxwell Fraser. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. STAR MAKER By Olaf Stapledon. 8s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—THE GODS WERE SLEEPING: A Romance of the Days of King Richard the Third. By C. E. Lawrence. 7s. 6d. NELSON.—THE BIRD OF TIME. By George Albee. 7s. 6d. NEWNES.—MOVIE MERRY-GO-ROUND. By John Paddy Carstairs. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—DENMARK ON TEN POUNDS. By Sydney A. Clark. Illustrated. 5s. FROM GORING HOUSE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE. By O. G. Goring. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. KEGAN PAUL.—THE ORIGIN AND PROPERTIES OF THE HUMAN AURA By Oscar Lagnall. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—THE HAPPY HOBO. By Harry Clouston. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. FLOWERS FOR CHRISTINE. By Anne Vernon. 7s. 6d. PITMAN.—THE SCENIC HERITAGE OF ENGLAND AND WALES. By O. J. R. Howarth. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. THE BOOK OF THE AUSTIN TEN. By Gordon G. Goodwin. 2s. 6d. PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY.—THE SAID NOBLE RIVER. By Alan Bell. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. PUTNAM.—SCOUTING ACHIEVEMENTS: The Record of Thirty Fortunate Years with the Youth of the World. By Peresford Webb. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. QUALITY PRESS.—THE CASE-BOOK OF ANTHONY SLADE. 3s. 6d. RICH & COWAN—JEZEBEL. By Pamela Frankau. 5s. ROUTLEDGE.—ON AND OFF THE RACECOURSE. By Captain Eric Rickman. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—RUSSIAN SPRING By Peter Stuckey. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. WILLIAMS & NORGATE.—LITTLE RED SHOES AND OTHER TALES OF THE ODD AND THE UNSEEN. By Dermot Chesson Spence. 7s. 6d. WORLD'S WORK LTD.—THE JOYOUS TENDERFOOT. By George Bruce Marquis. 7s. 6d.

Here's a grand way to enjoy the summer. To spend long days in the Pets' Corner at the Zoo and to wear frocks that are as cool and crisp as this one in white crease-resisting linen gaily patterned with grey, red, and black scrolls. It has a scalloped yoke and pleats right down the front, and it costs 27s. 6d. at Druce's, of Baker Street, W. The girl who is being escorted by the haughty penguin wears a dress of turquoise-blue Tibrosa, with a deep inverted pleat from neck to hem at the back. This, too comes from Druce's

HEAT-WAVE TECHNIQUE

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HAVING set your face to rights, be sure that your clothes are as light and comfortable as possible. Don't make the mistake of shedding garments indiscriminately. It's cooler really to wear stockings than to go without them, and it doesn't help at all to go without a firm foundation slip. It just means that your dress clings to you uncomfortably and is transparent against a strong light. For all underclothes other than slips choose triple ninon. It is deliciously smooth and cool, it loves being washed, and it wears quite wonderfully. You can find charming hand-made lingerie at Druce's, and you will be astonished at the lowness of the price. If you prefer hand-embroidery to lace you will like their petticoats, made of unloaded crêpe-de-chine, for 21s., and their net-edged nightdresses, embroidered with tiny flowers, made in satin or chiffon for the same price. If you have a feeling for tailored dressing-gowns you'll find them there, neatly patterned and made of heavy artificial silk, at prices that range from 13s. 11d. to 22s. 6d. And if you have to buy nightwear for the young, the gay, and the careless, be sure to see their pyjamas, made in peach-coloured crinkly cotton, bound with pale blue, and the matching nightdresses. They are extraordinarily well cut, they cost respectively 6s. 11d. and 6s. 6d., and they do not need ironing

WHAT does a heat-wave mean to you? Or, to be more personal, what does it *do* to you? Are you one of those enviable people who turn a petal-smooth face to the sun, or do you gradually wilt beneath its burning rays? Can you spend an averagely busy day in town and manage to look cool all the time?—If you can you are just a natural sun-worshipper and you won't need to acquire a technique. But for most of us it is not quite so simple as all that.

Every woman knows, of course, that she should look her loveliest in the summer. Everything is in her favour. She can wear charming clothes that are as delicate as flowers; she can wear hats that are poems in themselves; she can, just for a brief while, make men envious. If only she will take a little trouble.

Complexions have a way of behaving badly when the weather is really hot. Powder clogs, pores seem to coarsen, rouge either vanishes completely in the general pallor or grows steadily deeper and more noticeable. The obvious thing to do is to use make-up as sparingly as possible in such circumstances. And the next thing that is pretty certain is that what you are using is not perfectly toned to the colour of your own skin. After all, nobody's skin is exactly like anybody else's, but experimenting with cosmetics can be a costly business. What is more, even if you go on buying things haphazard you probably won't achieve perfection, for only an expert can detect fine nuances of tone and colour.

You will find just such experts at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, London, W. If you have 20 minutes or so to spare drop in to the Tourneur Salon there. First, they will get you to clean your face with their three-purpose cream, which cleanses, nourishes, and leaves a slight base for powder. Then, quickly, efficiently—marking it down for future reference, like a medical chart—they will mix you a powder that blends in perfectly with the pigmentation of your skin; they will make for you the one perfect rouge, find you the ideal lipstick, and, if you like, add eye shadow and mascara as well. They believe that naturalness is tremendously important, and maintain that every colour problem, no matter how unusual or difficult, can be solved with the right make-up. They also have one other grand idea—they make no charge at all for this service.

MAY TIME IN JUNE: A picture from Dumfries, Scotland, where the may blossom is just appearing, weeks later than in England

TRAFFIC-SENSE: An Instinct which Animals Seem to Possess More Acutely than Human Beings

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

I SUPPOSE there is no doubt that human beings are becoming more careful of their own safety by instinct where road traffic is concerned. At the same time we hear of so many accidents which are stated to be due to the carelessness of this or that pedestrian that we cannot assert that the instinct of human beings is being adjusted in any rapid manner. Creatures such as dogs and hens have certainly adjusted themselves more rapidly to present day road conditions. Before the war I well remember that it was quite rare for any motorist who covered a considerable mileage in a week not to have run over a dog or a hen in that period. To-day, I can truthfully say that amongst my friends there is seldom an accident recounted in which either of these creatures is concerned. My own experience is exactly the same.

It does not take much observation for a driver to notice that dogs frequently look to see if the road is clear before leaving the safety of the footpath. I am, of course, not blind to the fact that there are occasions when dogs jump out of a hedge across the road, usually when they are after a quarry. We all agree that a dog is, nine times out of ten, an intelligent creature, but we cannot say the same for a hen, and so I think we must attribute this carefulness to inborn instinct

As a further instance of this newly-acquired instinct, it may be of interest to my readers to know that it is not unusual for people who are down at Brooklands to see rabbits waiting their opportunity to cross the concrete track rather than dash out and be cut into a hundred pieces by cars moving at speeds up to 140 miles an hour. Brooklands is full of rabbits, and they are always crossing and re-crossing the concrete, but it is very rarely that a dead one is found on the track. I suppose we shall have to wait until a new generation of mankind is reared before we can expect to find the same instinctive caution which is now apparent in the creatures I have mentioned.

It is distinctly comforting to learn that the pressure brought to bear by a group of M.Ps has had the effect of making the Ministry of Transport change their intentions. We motorists have never looked for much consideration from the House of Commons so the present example of a good deed done gives us hope that times are changing, and that in the future we shall not be quite so much at the mercy of an energetic and perhaps sometimes mistaken Ministry of Transport. The proposed regulation which would have enabled the police to take out one's private car from a garage and test it without the car owner's consent was really iniquitous. Personally, I think there are very few cars on the road to-day, the brakes of which are in such a state that they call for attention from the police.

I am not endeavouring to defend the owner or a driver who takes a car on the road with hopelessly inefficient brakes, but I do think that such cases can be dealt with in many different ways rather than by the method which was suggested. Certainly, if the Ministry of Transport intend to undertake, or rather ask the police to undertake, further duties which in order to be performed efficiently call for highly technical skill, we shall definitely require a completely new police force which will deal entirely with motoring offences.

Some of us are fishermen and some of us think we are, but whichever category we fall into we are looked upon as good storytellers by the rest of the world. Whether fishermen deserve this reputation or not I am not prepared to say, but I do think that the great majority of motorists once they start talking about average speeds over journeys which they do, stretch the truth to an alarming extent. Hardly a week passes but some friend or acquaintance of mine informs me in quite a casual way, though often with a certain amount of pride as regards his driving or the performance of his car, that he has travelled from A to B at an average speed of fifty or more miles per hour.

Now I drive a car, which perhaps is not so fast as a Bentley, and every week-end I travel to Cambridge and back. The road, as most motorists know, is quite conducive to safe driving at speed, but I have never yet completed the journey either in one direction or the other at an average speed higher than 40 m.p.h. Even last year when I owned one of the latest 3½-litre Bentleys, I never approached the 50 m.p.h. average.

When I am told, therefore, that these colossal average speeds have been put up frequently on cars which are definitely unpleasant to drive at high speeds, and when the roads concerned are more or less twisty and studded with villages, I take the information in with one ear and let it escape through the other. There is no use arguing with the average motorist, because he will give you chapter and verse, but to my own mind the man who gives me this kind of information about himself is a romancer of the highest order, or such a dangerous driver that his licence should be suspended forthwith.

Sometimes, of course, the friend is honestly mistaken. For instance, he may have taken his time at the beginning by one watch or clock and then noted the hour of day at the conclusion of the journey by another watch or clock. Then again, there are always allowances made for stoppages. Here, I am afraid grave errors are made.

Another source of inaccuracy is that of mileage. Take for instance, the journey from London to Coventry, the distance is probably taken from the starting point to the exact house or place of business which is the driver's destination, but the time most likely is only noticed when the beginning of the Barnet by-pass is reached and the clock read again when the car arrives at the outskirts of Coventry. Anyway, I would warn drivers who have to listen to the marvellous averages put up by their friends not to go mad when trying to emulate these deeds which sound so wonderful.

Only the other week I made reference in my notes of the wonderful improvement which has been made in tyres since pre-war days. I gave much of this credit to the great firm of Dunlops and I did so without knowing in the slightest that they were just about to give motorists a still further improved tyre. It is not so long ago that this famous firm brought out their well-known "90" and then we all thought we had a tread which could scarcely be improved upon, at any rate, not for a long time. Anyway, Dunlops do not stand still and a new cover which is a great improvement on any previous design has been produced. Needless to say this new product is not in any way experimental. Motorists who fit these tyres to their cars need have no fear that they are being used by the makers as experimental testers.

Actually, more than 500,000 tyre miles have been run from Fort Dunlop by test cars trying out this new safety tyre. The new cover has six rows of teeth, three on each side and slots across the studs to enable it to hold the road. To make it doubly safe the casing has been improved to resist the strain of high speed work on modern fast cars. The general lay-out of the Fort "90" remains with the important addition of serrations along the three outermost pattern edges. These offer a much greater effective length of edge against both forward and sideways swing. The slots are specially designed to retain the anti-skid advantage when the tyre is well worn and at the same time to avoid rapid or irregular wear.

The extra low-pressure range has specially tied-up shoulder pattern blocks designed to stop uneven wear and to reduce tyre noise still further. The tyre is finished in a semi-mat even black surface with a medallion in gold, and the idea of the teeth has been patented.

I have not had an opportunity of testing these new covers, and as the Dunlop Forts on my Rolls-Royce scarcely seem to be marked, although they have covered more than 7,000 miles each, I do not anticipate having any call to do so for some time, but from the illustrations I have seen the new cover certainly looks a real winner and I have no doubt that it will contribute in no small degree to greater safety on the roads. It will certainly help the good driver to reduce those rare occasions when his car ceases to follow its appointed path, and it will also probably prevent the dangerous driver from causing accidents due to an improper appreciation of the effects of speed on slippery surfaces and on corners. In short, I expect it will have a beneficial effect on our road accident figures.

What is believed to be the largest automatic chromium plating plant in this country is now in use in the Morris radiator factory at Oxford. It holds no less than 3,500 gallons of plating solution. Every week 60 tons of brass, 1,056,000 ft. of gill plates and 844,800 ft. of water tubes are used.

The Automobile Association issues a timely appeal to all road users to exercise the greatest care with picnic and camp fires this summer. Carelessness on the part of the public is a more frequent cause of forest and heath fires than any other.

A CAR OF DISTINCTION: The Vauxhall 14 which is undoubtedly well to the forefront of modern design. Its pleasantly streamlined coachwork is enhanced by the handsome radiator and the modern design bonnet louvres

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW: The head of Great Langdale, one of the wildest and grandest scenes of England's Lake District. This motor route climbs by steep gradients from Wall End Pass over the hill by Blea Tarn to Little Langdale

This England . . .

The "Backs"—Cambridge

IS it odd that a great University should lie lost in the fens (or that May Week at Cambridge should take place in June and last longer than a week)? But then our England evolves in curious ways. When Crante-brig was young it lay upon a great natural highway running twixt trackless forest and undrained fen. Where once was the castle from which the Conquerer smoked out Hereward and his insurgents, rise the calm colleges, part-built from its very stones; and where this green velvet peace joins hall and stream was once a world of wharves and wherries. So do the best things in English life evolve—in the equipment of bodies, too, as well as minds. Even the brewing of your Worthington took some centuries to reach that rich maturity you delight in now.

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ROYAL WIMBLEDON

(Continued from page 607)

Not that anybody could ever surpass Borotra as being the greatest attraction at Wimbledon. So it is good to know that Borotra has entered again in the singles and is partnering Bernard in the doubles.

Very interesting will be Jack Bromwich, a left-handed player who frequently takes a fore-hand shot with both hands, in contrast to Quist (who has got jaundice) and who, being right-handed, takes his back-hand with both hands. Alice Marble, as pretty as any film star, will be another draw. True, she has been beaten two or three times since her arrival in this country, but as Helen Jacobs pointed out, it was bound to take her some weeks to get acclimatised and to accustom herself to grass courts. On a hard court the player can go straight into the rising ball. On grass courts you need to stand somewhere by the base line, at any rate to take a service. Helen Jacobs is staying, as usual, at the American Embassy. Most of her compatriots will be at Hurlingham. The Germans always choose Bailey's Hotel in South Kensington. The Dutch, Italians, Czechoslovakians, and others stay with friends or in hotels.

It is interesting to learn that nearly all the foreigners are subsidised to some degree or another. The method of doing this is for the Lawn Tennis Association to contribute a lump sum to the local tennis federation, which in turn hands out a contribution to those of its members eligible to play at Wimbledon. In addition, these competitors are provided with motor cars, luncheons, and teas—and rightly. After all, they provide the entertainment. If in view of this, you are cynical and ask the authorities what is the difference between a professional and an amateur the answer is surprisingly simple. "Every penny goes back into the game in the case of amateurs," they will tell you, "in the case of professionals it goes into their pocket." The amateur does not share in the gate and, in any event, the money which their presence helps to swell also goes back into lawn tennis.

This year more than £30,000 had to be returned to applicants all over the world who sent in cheques with which to buy tickets on the centre court and who were unsuccessful in the usual ballot for seats. To-day the capital value of the All England Club must run into millions. Next week one can expect the grounds to be full to capacity with Coronation visitors and the usual tennis fans. Unfortunately, however, the place cannot hold more than 22,000 people.

Among former favourites you will find the Comtesse de la Valdène (Lili Alvarez), who recently showed her return to form by reaching the French championship semi-finals; Betty Nuthall, who is still very popular, as well as Crawford, partnering McGrath; Hughes and Tuckey, of course; Von Cramm, partnering Henkel; and Madame Sperling, partnering Miss Jacobs.

MISS MARBLE BEATS MISS HARDWICK: The American champion (left) about to shake hands with the British Wightman Cup player after beating her 6—1, 3—6, 6—4 in the third round at Beckenham. Both girls varied their game well with some spirited volleying

Bunny Austin will be playing again, but he seems never to be at his best in championships. Primarily he is a Davis Cup player, though even then he was beaten by Henkel the other day. On this occasion the German authorities instructed Baron von Cramm not to play. The reason for this was that the latter has been playing so continuously since last Wimbledon that he is in great danger of getting stale. That is the reason why the experts picked Donald Budge to defeat him in the final—if Budge is able to beat Henkel in the meantime. Helen Wills-Moody has not entered this year, more's the pity, but Señorita Lizana will be there to rejoice the photographers.

To revert to the lawn tennis professionals, I must say there is one player whose absence I definitely regret. That is big Bill Tilden, who is in the same tennis circus as Vines and Perry. Tilden is a grand fellow and indirectly did more to popularise lawn tennis, particularly after the war, than any other player alive, with the exception of Suzanne Lenglen. For a long time he has been advocating the suggestion that the lawn tennis professionals should be allowed to play against the amateurs. That, indeed, would be worth watching. The greatest opponents of professional lawn tennis could not pretend that Tilden, Perry, Vines, and the others would not try their hardest against the amateurs

Actually, it was seven years ago that the L.T.A. and its equivalent body in the United States of America upheld the scheme of open tournaments in which professionals could play amateurs, at the General Meeting of the International Lawn Tennis Federation; but there was an overwhelming preponderance against the scheme.

The two main objections were (a) that if professionals were allowed to meet the amateurs in an open tournament they would endeavour to press their advantage further throughout the lawn tennis world; and (b) that it would prove a great temptation to young people on the threshold of their career to adopt lawn tennis as a profession. It was pointed out that whereas there was an automatic line drawn between golf professionals and amateurs, there could be no similar distinction between lawn tennis amateurs and professionals. "A tennis championship is really a garden party which attracts a select public of young people, gentlemen and ladies, who know each other and who meet regularly" said one of the opponents of the scheme. "Let us maintain this atmosphere. How often at our dinners and our banquets have we not noticed this marvellous harmony, this charming friendship, this faithful solidarity which exists among the lawn tennis players of the world, and which will continue to exist only if we keep to ourselves, but which will disappear with fatal results if we admit the professionals?"

The United States lawn tennis authorities, regarding this—perhaps rightly—as being hot air, announced that they were going to hold an open tournament in which amateurs and professionals could both take part. That was in 1932. But the International Federation thereupon stepped in and said that it would ban from amateur tournaments through the world all those amateurs who took part in this open tournament. This put "paid" to the account, though Tilden and others have made various attempts since then to re-open it.

Well, one thing is certain. Next week and the week after you will see the most exciting lawn tennis that the world can offer, profesionals or no professionals.

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NOTES FROM FAR AND NEAR

"A Nation at Work," the Theme of Düsseldorf's Exhibition : What the Skal Clubs are Doing for Tourism

EVIAN.—It is pleasant at the beginning of what promises to be a hot summer to think of Evian set between the shining waters of the Lake of Geneva and the mountains of High Savoy. Evian's Pump Room and Thermal Establishment are too famous to need introduction, and there are a number of people who never fail to pay their annual visit for treatment. What do, however, require particular mention are the magnificent *plage*, which takes full advantage of the resources of the lake and provides every variety of water-sport the most fastidious swimmer could ask ; the stadium, which caters for every kind of physical exercise and for all ages; and the beautiful eighteen-hole golf course and excellent tennis courts. Evian is also particularly well placed for excursions, whether by motor, launch, or on foot. In addition it is of course within easy reach of some good climbs, the Cornettes de Bise and the Grammont for instance.

WHITE SAILS ON GENEVA'S WATERS : Sailing boats off Evian with the peaks of the Haute Savoie in the distance. This is a wonderful resort for the yachtsman and swimming enthusiast, though its claim to world-wide fame naturally rests to a large extent on the excellence of its thermal establishment

EVIAN'S PLAGE : Looking across one of the tennis courts and gardens to the still, inviting waters of Lake Geneva where first-class bathing may be had

The Düsseldorf Exhibition.—"A Nation at Work" is the theme of the great exhibition taking place this summer at Düsseldorf. It has been planned with typically Teutonic thoroughness to embrace every phase of the great national effort which is now being made. In particular special sections have been devoted to town-planning (there is a model town of ninety-six houses); horticulture as being one of the main recreations of the artisan; and, of course, a great space is reserved for the illustration of economic and technical problems. Incidentally, it will be also particularly interesting to see the substances and fluids created by German scientists in default of raw materials. Such are lignotone (the "wood-metal"), synthetic petrol, and the famous Buna rubber. Also, there are on view in the forty-two halls of the exhibition practical demonstrations of such activities as a foundry and smelting-works in action and many other industrial processes. The exhibition is happily placed on the banks of the Rhine, and there are a splendidly large number of side-shows and amusements from which to choose.

Greece.—The arrival of the quarterly *Tourist Review* published by the Under-Secretary of State for the Press and Tourism of Greece is a timely reminder of the attractions of that lovely land at all seasons. This excellent publication is enriched with some superb photographs which recall various of the treasures of art and scenery which make Greece, a poor country economically, in these spheres the richest in the world. A photograph can only hint at the awful beauty of Delphi or the extraordinary impression produced by the actual sight of the bronze charioteer in the museum there. In other days many of the masterpieces of the Greek sculptors have found their way to London, Paris and Berlin; but one must visit the country itself to get an insight into the surroundings which inspired them.

Bruges.—Belgium is full of interesting towns, none perhaps so fascinating as Bruges. Its salient feature is the enormous belfry which dwarfs the Grand' Place, and its carillon of forty-seven bells has been the inspiration of similar sets in many other parts of the world. Truly, from the point of view of the lover of the antique, no town within such easy reach on the Continent will better repay a visit. It is full of magnificent medieval buildings, its museums hold some of the best work of the Flemish masters, including the famous panel of the "Virgin and Child," by van Eyck.

The Skal Club Congress.—Co-operation is one of the main objects aimed at in every phase of modern life. It is therefore pleasant to hear of the continued success of the Skal Clubs which form an international association of travel agencies. Recently the fifth Annual Congress was held at which representatives from twelve nations attended, and an expedition was made visiting the valley of the Cherveuse, Paris, and Orléans. The election of the President for the year resulted in the success of Monsieur H. Lesieur, than whom there could scarcely be a more suitable person since he is the Managing Director of Air France. It was a pleasant gesture, too, to acclaim the retiring President Mr. Y. Volkaert "Founder President." Anything which assists in making smooth the path of the visitor abroad will have the moral support of the public. The Skal Clubs are doing notable work towards this end.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Sweden.—There is a weekly service from Newcastle to Gothenburg on Fridays and Saturdays as shown on the pamphlet we have sent you together with other literature, under separate cover. The boats running from Newcastle are not quite so good as those running from London ; nevertheless you will find them quite comfortable. We have also sent you a pamphlet showing the services from London. We suggest that you stay a day or two at Gothenburg, and then travel on to Stockholm. From Stockholm go to Upsala and then on to Rattvik, Sundsvall, and Trollhatan : thence back to Gothenburg. Alternatively you could go from Gothenburg to Kalmar and then to Visby which is a charming place : thence to Stockholm. Following this itinerary you will pass through some of the best scenery in Sweden. We enclose a list of hotels. You need not hesitate to choose cheap hotels as they are always clean, if simple. The better hotels are, as you will see, not expensive. The tours arranged by the Swedish Tourist Bureau are really good and comprehensive; they are not conducted tours, merely embracing all arrangements for hotel accommodation, travelling etc., and they can always be modified to suit your convenience.

Chamonix.—It will be possible for you to book straight through to Chamonix from England and at the same time obtain the 50 per cent reduction on the French Railways. Are you aware that a Carte de Légitimation is also available in this country at the price of 4s. This entitles you to visit the Exhibition ten times at half price and also to special rates at theatres, cinemas, museums, etc, ? A good hotel at Chamonix is the Astoria en Poste : there are 100 rooms with running water and full pension terms are from 45 to 55 francs per day. There is also the Couttet et du Parc, and a smaller hotel to be recommended is the Europe. We are extremely pleased to hear that our assistance in the past has helped to make your holidays successful, and we trust that the above information is what you require.

GERMAN THOROUGHNESS characterises the Düsseldorf Exhibition, the beautiful formal gardens of which are depicted here. The theme of the display is "A Nation at Work" illustrating Germany's effort to achieve self-sufficiency

MIRRORED IN STILL WATERS : The Parta St. Croix reflected with almost photographic clarity in the canal at Bruges, that fascinating, old-world Belgian town that summer by summer attracts such a host of lovers of the antique

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100 rooms. Private suites. The service—smooth and efficient. The terms—moderate. Lift. A.A. R.A.C. Garage. Write to James Millar for Illustrated Brochure. Phone: Boscombe 1234-5

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The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes' walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone Folkestone 2666

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36 mins. from Waterloo. Bridge. Billiards. Write to Mrs. Prior, Resident Proprietress, or Telephone 164

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a famous old Coaching Inn completely modernised

Golfers at the Prince . . .

The crack professionals, the leading amateurs—in fact, most golfers of repute have stayed at the Prince at one time or another. *And you Sir,* may be you err from the straight and narrow on occasions—well, there are seven first-class golf courses to err on . . . but, of course, only one hotel to stay at—

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SOUTHDOWN HALL
THE DOWNS **HOTEL** WIMBLEDON

In Quest of

Some Stopping Places o of th

WHETHER you travel northwards via Carlisle, Carter Bar, or Berwick-upon-Tweed, all roads lead to Stirling, that ancient capital of Scotland, which with its serried rows of multiple shops, its robot lights and Belisha beacons, has lost to the passer through, much of its charm and individuality.

But Stirling still has its attractions, and is still impressive especially from afar. Stirling Castle should be visited for the sake of romance and the view from the ramparts. And the Wallace Monument should be climbed only to convince you that it has no connection with Edgar! There will be some who will stop in Stirling itself. The Golden Lion is, I am told, the best hotel. For myself, I have always had the urge to move on to Bridge of Allan which is but 3 miles farther on the Great North Road, and which as a health resort and spa is deliciously quiet and peaceful.

There is an excellently equipped hotel on the main road called the Royal which is under the same management as the Birnham Hotel, near Dunkeld, which again lies on the main road, about 15 miles north of Perth. Many people make the Royal their regular stopping place to and from the Highlands, but there are others, especially those who have decided to prolong their stay in Bridge of Allan who prefer to be more off the beaten track, and so make for the Allan Water and Spa Hotel which nestles under the protection of the southern slopes of the Ochil Hills and more often than not is bathed in sheltered sunshine.

The wheels of management at the Allan Water and Spa Hotel run as smoothly as the Allan water from which Bridge of Allan gets its name. It is under the personal direction of that well-known hotelier, Mr. W. Holdsworth Lunn, who is also managing director of the Atholl Palace Hotel, Pitlochry, the Marine Hotel at Gullane, and is on the board of other hotels including the Cairn Hydro of Harrogate. If you happen to know one or more of these hotels you will appreciate the comfortable and peaceful environment of the Allan Water and Spa Hotel.

There is nothing flamboyant there, but everything to soothe, and although one's initial purpose may be to use this hotel as a base for exploring the neighbourhood, there are times when one never feels disposed to venture outside the grounds. Adjoining the hotel with a covered way entrance is the spa building itself, which is equipped with everything any other spa can offer plus natural mineral waters claimed by competent authorities to rank with the finest in Europe.

But I must keep to the text of my story —"On the threshold of the Highlands." In the neighbourhood of Stirling there are a number of excellent holiday centres blessed with equally excellent

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A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

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Self-contained Suites.
Rooms with private baths attached.
Billiards
Lift
Lock-up Garages
R.A.C. A.A.
Telephone 11

Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

Note on the Threshold Highlands

hotels, but as I do not wish to favour one more than another, I will take you over the route I traversed and then leave it to you to follow in my footsteps, or select your fancy.

From Stirling I went westwards to Aberfoyle about twenty miles away, for three reasons. Firstly because I would pass the only lake in Scotland, the Lake of Menteith, in which is anchored the Island of Inchmahome, rich in history real and legendary concerning Mary Queen of Scots. Secondly because Aberfoyle to my mind is the best approach to the Trossachs, and thirdly because I wanted to revisit the Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel at Aberfoyle with its world-renowned Bailie's Bar.

Twenty to thirty years ago tourists visiting the Trossachs had to go via Aberfoyle, but to-day even if there were no Trossachs, they would still visit the Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel. There are still the links there between past and present. Comfortably ensconced at the Bailie's Bar, you will spot the pole, chairs, and swingle trees of the last coach. Then to remind you that you are on the threshold of the Highlands and only 43 miles from the City of Glasgow, you will see on the walls two sets of wild goat horns, shot but 5 miles away, and if you make inquiry will find that every known type of wild bird is to be found in the vicinity.

But we must not linger in this genial atmosphere of bog oak, peat fires, pewter tankards, and good fellowship. The story of the Bailie Nicol Jarvie and the Bailie's Bar is all to be had in booklet form.

There is good fare being prepared behind the scenes. The coach-and-four may have gone, but they still have good team work at the Bailie Nicol Jarvie; for whilst the genial resident proprietor, Captain Alastair Cameron (usually in Highland kilt) will quickly make you feel at home, his wife behind the scenes will see to it that you do not wish to leave your "home." Having slept and fed there on more than one occasion I am pretty sure that you will find it very difficult to be "awa" in the morning!

But however strong or weak-minded you may be, you must take the road up behind the Bailie Nicol Jarvie and so down to the Trossachs. It will be an unforgettable experience. Suddenly the Scotland of your dreams bursts upon you in all its grandeur. Ben Venue, Ben Ledi, and many lesser Bens fill the higher landscape, whilst below lie Loch Katrine, Loch Achray, and the Trossachs Hotel.

Directly I set eyes upon the Trossachs Hotel I felt that here was something exceptionally attractive. Nor was I disappointed. For the moment I had deserted my first love, the Bailie Nicol Jarvie . . . but after all there was nothing to prevent me from adding to my lovers, at least so far as hotels are concerned! Occupying an absolutely

(*Continued on page* 635)

The pivotal centre of the English Lakes, and from whose windows you get a magnificent 9 mile panoramic view of the Scawfell Range. An Hotel that is brimful of interest. Interesting food, intriguing wines, 100 inviting bedrooms, and by no means least the interest of the Resident Proprietors, who represent an unbroken chain of four generations.

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Come to the Keswick Hotel in June if possible . . . the lights on the hills and the tints of the trees are never to be forgotten. Proprietors: J. & M. Wivell and Son. Telephone: Keswick 20

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GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

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THE GARDEN HOTEL OF TORQUAY — Lincombe Hall

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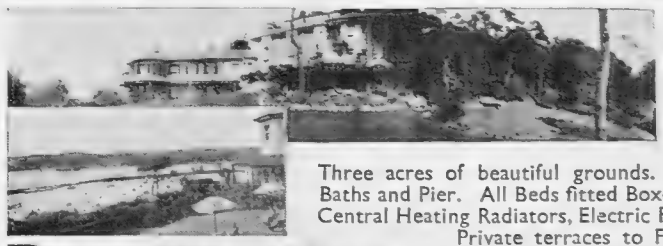

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Cornwall's stock-in-trade. But for those who like playing golf under idyllic conditions, racing the gulls on a surf-board, dancing to the roar of the Atlantic (and Shirley Waldron and his Dominoes band), lazing in the sun and generally disporting themselves like two-year-olds with a knowledge of that's what . . . well, Cornwall means the Headland Hotel—the natural headquarters for touring Cornwall. Every room with a sea-view. Golf. Tennis. Surfing. Dancing. Write to S. Polglaze, for "Have You Ever?" or the Headland in Pictures. 'Phone: Newquay 511 (3 lines).

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Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
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Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel. Tel. 4457.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough.—The Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel. Tel. 3.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge (211).—Three Arrows Hotel.
Leeming Lane (227).—Newton House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Tel. 2.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street. S.W.1.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Onich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel. (LMS-NCC.)
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC.)
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

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ONICH
NORTH BALLACHULISH
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Superb views from the terrace and the bedrooms. Cuisine and cellar . . . . such as you would expect.
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EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND
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The personal touch . . .
characterises this first-class hotel, in its appointments, its service, and its ambition to meet the requirements of each individual visitor . . . be it for "cure" or holiday.
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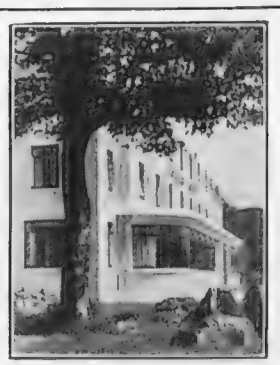

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

(Continued from page 633)

strategic position in the Trossachs, a locality which is immortalised in Sir Walter Scott's poem *The Lady of the Lake*, there are the most spell-binding views from the windows, and I rather suspect that Miss Newson and her staff have spell-binding powers on those who stay there for only a few hours. At any rate you are unlikely to forget the intriguing Jubilee restaurant, cocktail bar and sun-lounge, and all the attractiveness there is above stairs.

One further word before leaving the Trossachs. Be sure to take a steamer trip along Loch Katrine. There is Scottish history to be learnt at every turn of the wheel. Ask Captain McKinnon, its worthy skipper, to point out to you Rob Roy's cattle path, Robert Bruce's cave, as he did to me and tell him that one day I will return . . . as I promised.

From the Trossachs Hotel the road leads by Brig of Turk to Callendar, a popular holiday resort, and another gateway to the Trossachs. There are a number of excellent hotels, but on the score of position, off the main road and facing river and moors, I give my vote to the Callendar Palace Hotel.

But progress is slow. There are many other hotels to be seen, with little time in which to see them. From Callendar there is a choice of roads northwards, via the Pass of Leny to Lochearnhead, Killin, along Loch Tay to Aberfeldy or via Doune, Dunblane, Crieff, Sma Glen to Dunkeld and Pitlochry, or by the strictly main road via Perth.

In Scotland every road has two ways and you must, to appreciate all that Scotland offers, travel over those roads in each direction more than once. Next week I will deal, in potted form, with some of the hotels I discovered amidst the glens and lochs of Perthshire.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. D. B. (Derby).—As regards hotels on the western side of Malvern you have hit upon one of my weak spots, but if you were to go north-west, I would strongly recommend Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, 25 miles west of Shrewsbury. There are wonderful views over the lake and excellent fishing, walking, and rough shooting. Concerning Dorset, I am more at home here and would most strongly recommend the following:—the Crown at Blandford (Mr. Todd) and the Antelope at Dorchester (Mr. J. Galloway).

D. B. (Wakefield).—Proposes to tour Sussex in her car and wishes to know of a good hotel within a radius of 10 miles of Pulborough—not alongside a main road, please. I have recommended the Roundabout Hotel, Storrington, near Pulborough, which should suit her purpose admirably.

Mrs. M. (Angus).—Asks me to recommend a good hotel on high ground about 50 miles from London. I have suggested the Crest Hotel, Crowborough, because it is on high ground, surrounded by really lovely country, and very convenient for the sea.

V. C. A. (Woking).—Wishes to find an hotel in Devon with bracing air, good sea bathing (safe), tennis, fishing, and rough shooting, I have suggested Berrynarbor Bay, near Ilfracombe, the Sandy Cove Hotel. It stands right up on the cliff with magnificent views. There is a natural bathing pool and plenty of fishing and rough shooting.

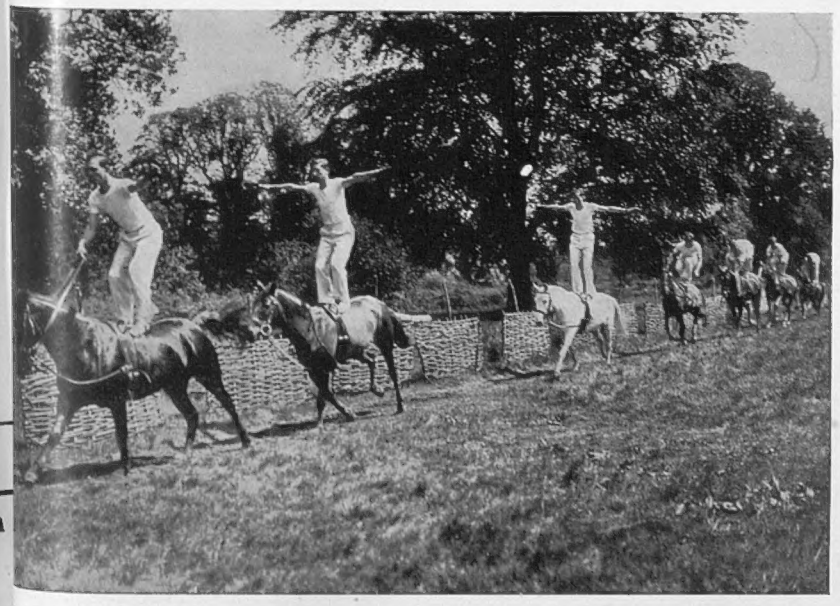
Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOYS IN THE SADDLE

Canford's Pioneer Effort at the International Horse Show, Olympia

ENGLISH public schools, steeped in tradition as they are, are particularly conservative in the matter of sport, hesitating to introduce anything into their sporting curriculum that constitutes a departure from tradition. Not so Canford, however, for this public school—one of the latest to come into being—has revealed an astonishing enterprise and energy in fostering riding among the boys, and now the fruits of its labours are to be seen at the International Horse Show, Olympia, where some of the best of its horsemen are giving a spectacular display and in so doing have the distinction of being the first public-school riders to appear in the famous arena.

"Now that the ice has been broken," writes Joan Robeson in *The Field*, "I can visualise future Olympias at which the competitive spirit will be evident, the best boy riders from various public schools vying with each other in healthy competition. And, after all, why not? Henley, Bisley and Lord's welcome the public-school boy with open arms. It is only a matter of getting used to the idea. No one is more aware than I am that a few years ago the mere suggestion of an English public school being represented at Olympia would have raised such a storm of protest that one would have been left imagining that some Edwardian code of morals was about to be broken! *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* Canford School has given the lead and others will surely follow."



EQUESTRIAN SKILL: Boys of Canford School rehearsing one of the items in their spectacular display at the International Horse Show, Olympia. It is a pioneer effort as never before have English public-school boys taken part in this annual show

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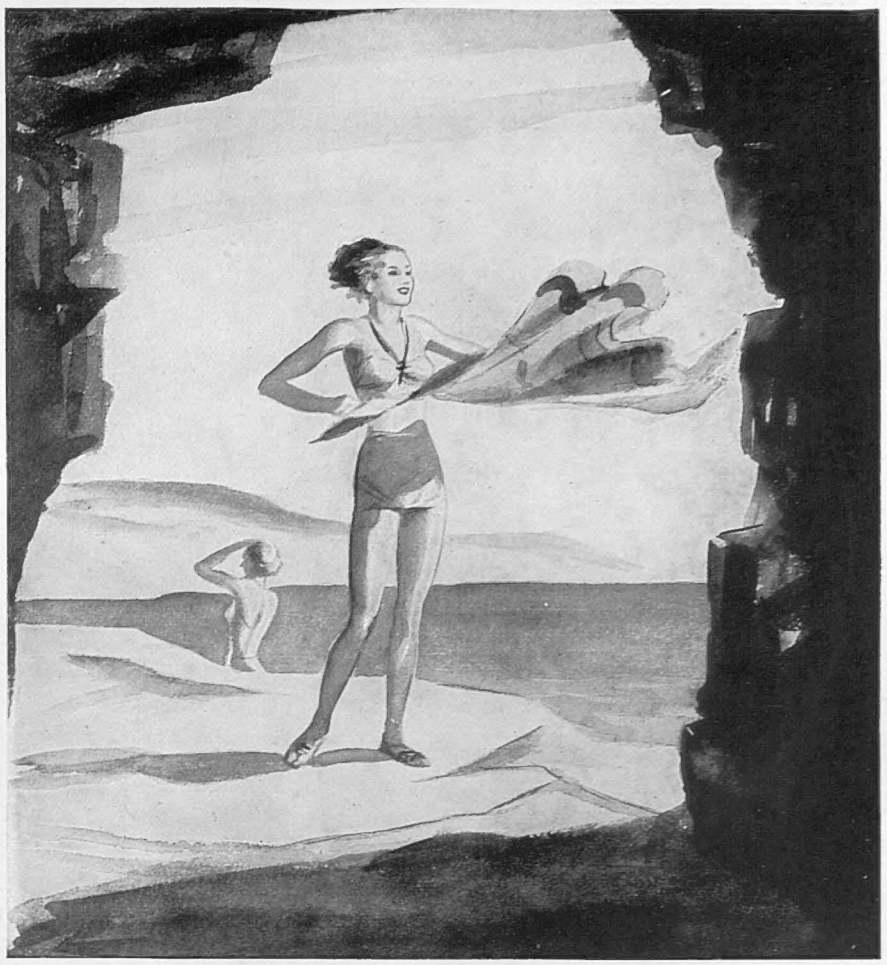

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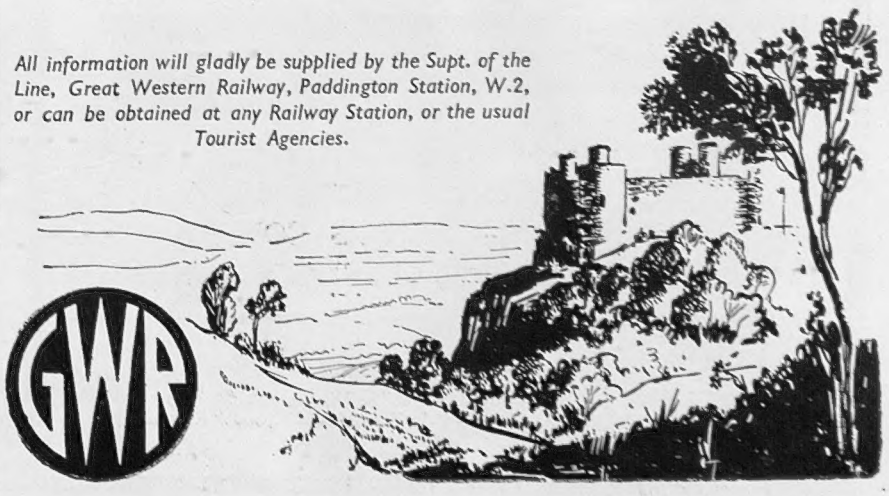

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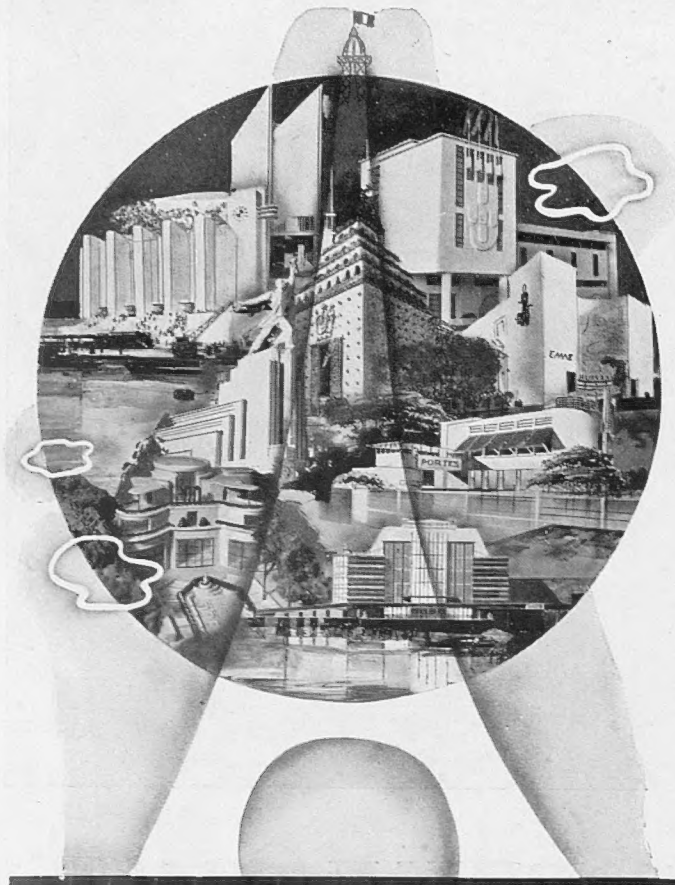

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BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap d'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with M. Carlo & Menton. Tns., swm. pl. 15 acs. p. pk., incl. fm. 70 frs. with bth. fm. 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Incl. fm. 65 frs. With bath fm. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all year. Incl. fm. 50 frs., with bath fm. 65 frs.

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Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class family hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M. 14.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite park

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

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Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

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Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

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Cologne.—Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.—Up-to-date, renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director, Otto Holl.

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Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first-class hotel facing the station. 120 bedrooms, 20 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

GERMANY—*continued.*

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Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof. — Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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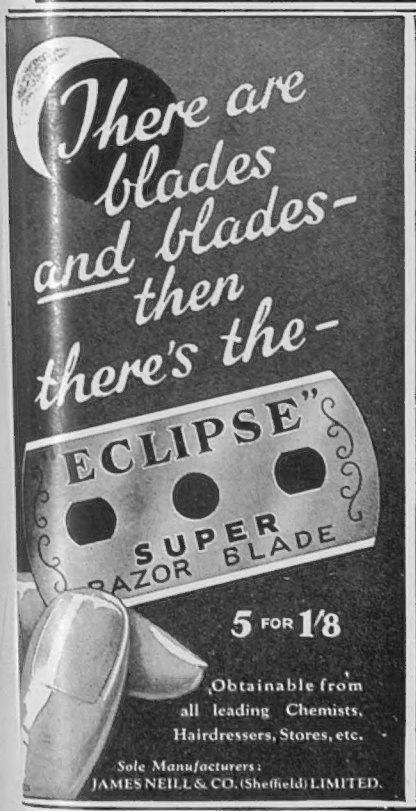

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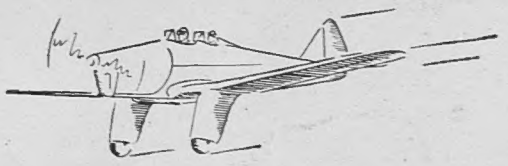

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